THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII
No. 1798

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JULY 7
1934

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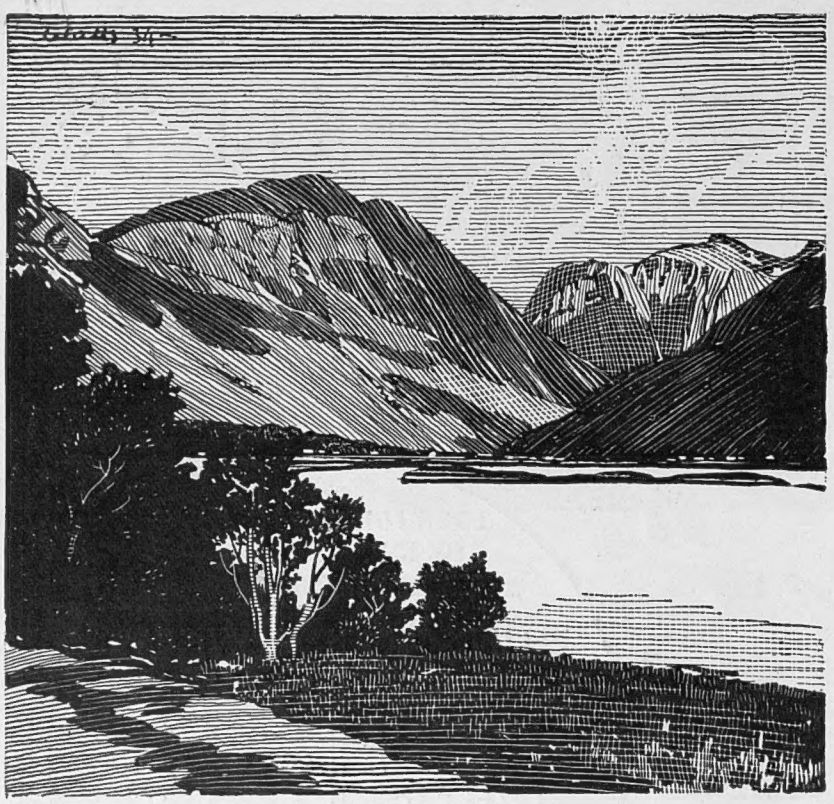

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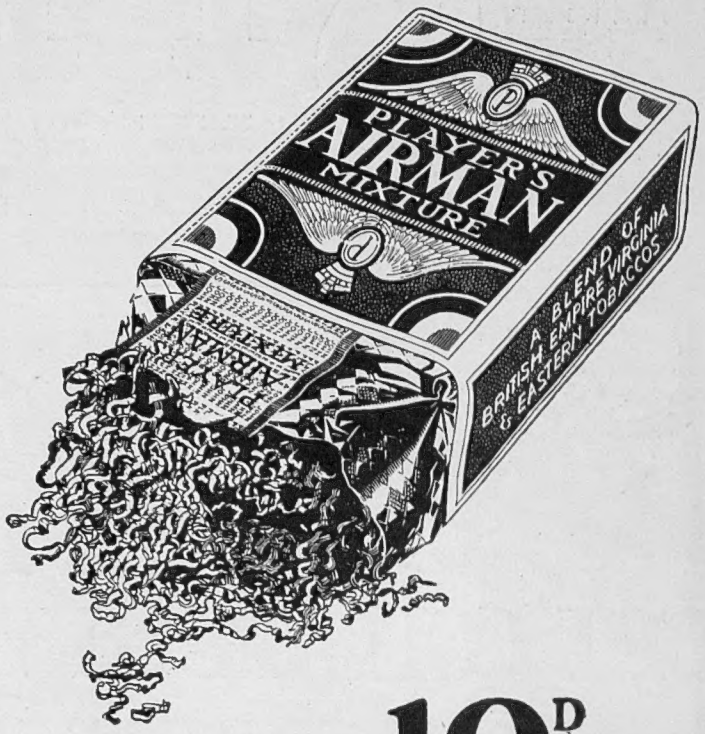

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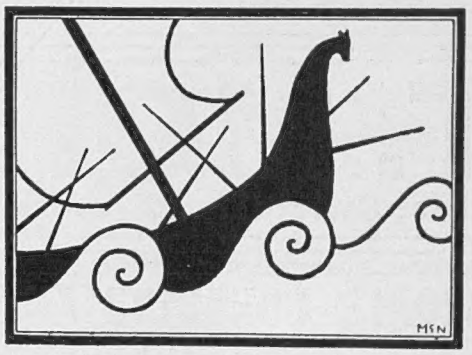

used to come and pay their respects to our forefathers pretty well every year. So out of common politeness

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

result of this Canadian *volte-face*. Party labels have entirely different significances over here and over there.

THE WOMEN OF MY TIME.

—There is, as a rule, something rather ingenuous about the outlook of women writers who chronicle the triumphs of women since the Victorian age. It is natural that they should take their tremendous subject, with its tremendous responsibilities, very seriously, and a certain lack of humour is to be discerned. It would be wrong, of course, to underrate the tremendous difficulties which faced the first women pioneers, but it should not be forgotten that the first women pioneers were not very late Victorians or Edwardians. The first fragments of the trail were blazed by their aunts and great-aunts, not to say by their ancestors. Still, the struggle of the Edwardians was grim enough and Mrs. Courtney in *The Women of My Time* gives to it all the grimness she feels it deserves and rather more than to-day seems necessary. For when during the War women had proved their usefulness in public and executive work of all kinds, the way was instantly smoothed for them and to-day we are perhaps inclined to forget the very existence of the barricades. Perhaps that is why deliberately Mrs. Courtney largely neglects the women who made their reputations (especially in literature) *after* the War. For after the age of the giants was over by 1918. Hers is a readable book, but it could have been made more stimulating. Indeed, the book is rather like the carefully compiled register of a Women's College or High School or girls. From her pious researches emerge a group of enthusiastic amateurs, which is the very contrary of the accepted picture of a modern "executive man."

RODEO'S LAST FLING?

It appears that the strenuous campaign of propaganda against rodeo fell on rich and progenial soil. It would seem that the British public is indeed in the throes of a reaction from what after the War we accepted as something foreign to British tradition and character—that demand for sensation at any price, even at the price of those religious and moral convictions inculcated in us by generations of forbears, Puritan, Methodist, Victorian. The truth is that the average Briton is still (subconsciously at least, if not consciously) troubled by anything which may smack of cruelty to animals, and anything which may appear to set "Sunday observance" entirely aside. But let us be precise: I do not suggest that this season's rodeo provided instances of genuine cruelty to animals. Compared to "red-blood" rodeos it was skimmed milk and water. I do not argue that Britons are not cruel to animals quite often. There are gross instances of such cruelty in the courts each week. And I do not argue that the average Briton retains his grandfather's conception of how a weekly day of rest must be observed in a particular way (from whatever motive, religious or socially-disciplinary). I merely comment upon the fact that the average Briton is still at heart bound by Victorian traditions, and I myself value and believe in Victorian traditions. There is no real happiness for men and women except through discipline and the observance of conventions and restraints, if need be artificially created. We are just beginning to realize it again, after the mental despair which resulted from the kicking aside of all restraints. So the cowboys are fed up with us. But when it is seriously urged that the lukewarm reception of this year's rodeo will have a disastrous effect politically on America's view of Britain, well, I laugh. It is the same story as Harold Larwood and his political significance. And more than that. I believe that when they return to America, the cowboys will find all set in their own country for a reaction towards religion and restraint which will give the younger generation something new to enthuse over.

HOLLYWOOD SEES THE LIGHT.

—Indeed the Puritan reaction is already in full swing in the Temple of Fashion. Hollywood has been for decades the dictator of so-called civilization. All good gifts and all great gifts are sent from Hollywood alone. We have for years slavishly followed the fashions dictated by America and in a film-mad world Hollywood has been arch-dictator. The arch-dictator has got it badly. America never does things by halves. "Indecency don't pay dividends," rivals "Why not ask God?" as the slogan of the hour. Sex-appeal and bedroom scenes are *vieux jeu*. Purity is the money maker for 1934-5. So Mae West's new film *It ain't no Sin* has had to be re-titled. The word "sin" suggests sex-appeal. Dolores del Rio's *Dubarry* won't do as it stands. Dubarry suggests bedrooms, and bedrooms suggest sin, and sin don't pay dividends. Even the sea-coast smacks of vice. Sin sits sniggering on bathing-machines. Metro-Goldwyn have seen the light and have in preparation a series of bowdlerized film representations of *Cranford*, *Harry and Lucy*, *The Fairchild Family* (without the hanging scene), and *Jan o' the Windmill*. West, del Rio, and Menjou are studying *The Parents' Assistant* and in due course London will get the backwash of the great reaction. *Redeunt Victoriæ regna*. We may live to hear trousers referred to as "unmentionables," and to see (or rather not to see) our women folk having their evening baths in bathing dresses buttoned to the chin.

"ANNUS MIRABILIS."—

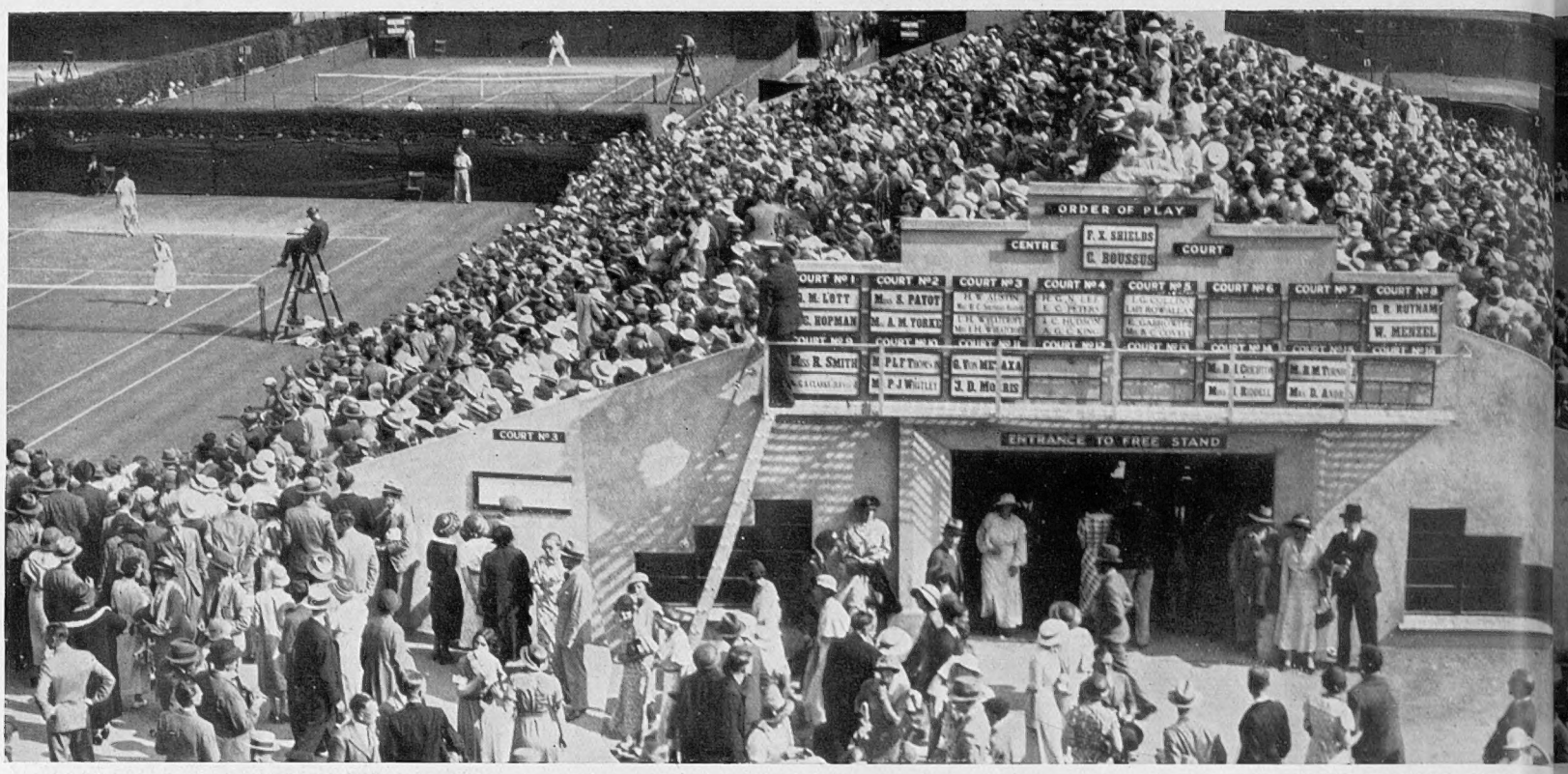
The year 1934 is likely to be remembered as an *annus mirabilis* for Britain. Its Budget revealed our economic come-back and made us the envy of civilization in a doldrums era. In the world of sport June stands out as a remarkable month. It gave us the second Test Match which is summed up in the biblical phrase, "Verity and judgment." It gave us the Open Championship—crowning me as a true prophet. Cotton, in spite of a terribly shaky fourth round, brought the championship back to Britain after eleven lean years with a total which equalled the aggregate record, and included two record rounds of 65 and 67. At Wimbledon, June sowed the seeds, but cannot see the harvest, of another possible British triumph in sport. We badly need a lawn tennis victory, for which we have waited even longer than we waited for the "open." The British hopes who entered the final stages of the struggle at Wimbledon were Perry, Miss Round and Miss Scriven. Austin's defeat was unexpected.

TEAM-MAKING AGAIN.—

I entered into a solemn covenant not to do the work of the Selection Committe in this great Test match season, and I have kept my word. As a matter of fact, my help hasn't been needed. The Test selectors have been admirably served by an eleven of ex-Test captains and county captains who have been playing for Fleet Street against Lords all the season. None of these amateurs have been in better form than P. F. Warner whose team for the third Test at Old Trafford was announced well in advance of the official list. Here it is, a most shrewd compilation: Sutcliffe, Walters, Hammond, Wyatt, Hendren, Leyland, Ames, Allen, Nichols, Verity, Peebles, or James Langridge. Truly, such a selection enormously stiffens our batting and our fielding. Farnes and Geary no one doubted would go; Bowes, soundly and patiently as he pegged away, did not quite come up to Test class; Sutcliffe must have one more chance to prove he is not yet too old for Test cricket . . . Here are nine batsmen and seven bowlers and a fine fielding side. Can you beat it? Well, you are in a position to compare Warner's effort with the official commands to attend at Old Trafford. Physical fitness and the weather play a big part in the final composition of the home team.

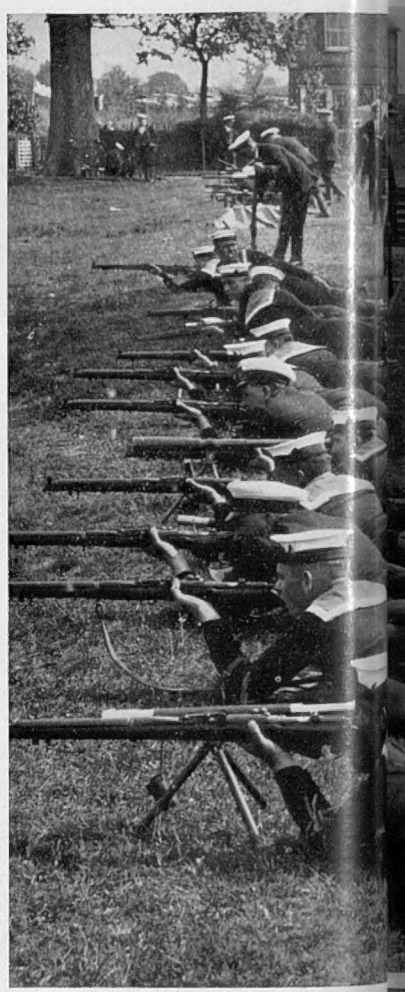
THE OLD STAGER

ELUSIVE TARGETS: Five of the new high-speed power boats which the Air Ministry have had built for the strenuous duty of acting as targets during aircraft bombing practice. The crew of three—helmsman, engineer, and wireless operator—are housed beneath an armour-plated shelter which is capable of resisting a bomb weighing 11¼ lb. dropped from a height of 15,000 ft. As the boats can travel at 30 m.p.h., and can manœuvre rapidly, they make a decidedly difficult mark for attacking 'planes



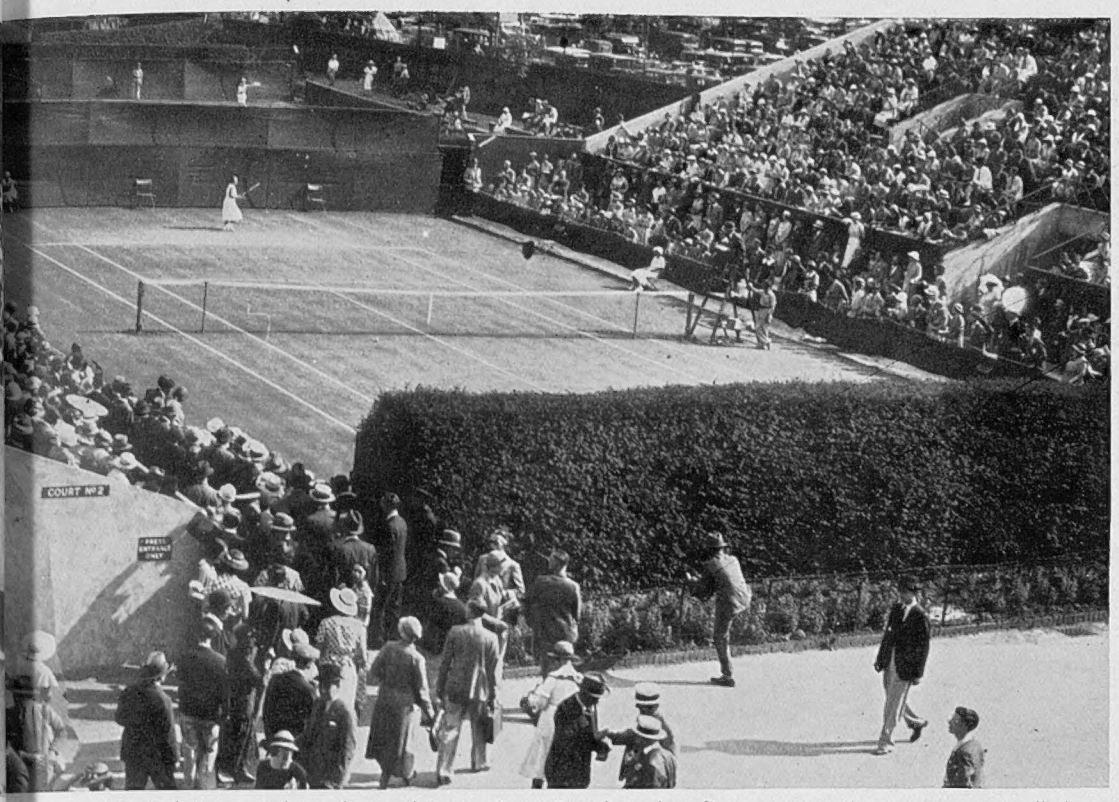
THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK AT [illegible] A attendance. In the right-hand court [illegible] (G ease. *On right*—BRITAIN'S HOPE [illegible] EN'S

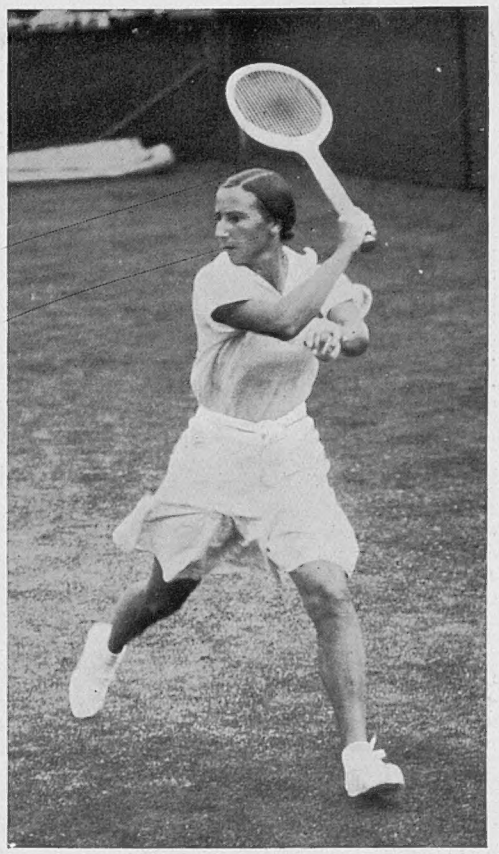
HOME



AEROBATICS AT THE HENDON AIR DISPLAY: A spectacular exhibition by five "Bulldogs" of No. 19 Squadron which created wonderful patterns by trailing coloured smoke in their wake. A gloom was cast over the proceedings by the death of Squadron-Leader Stanley Collett, son of the Lord Mayor of London, whose 'plane crashed and burst into flames during a demonstration of "aerial skittles"

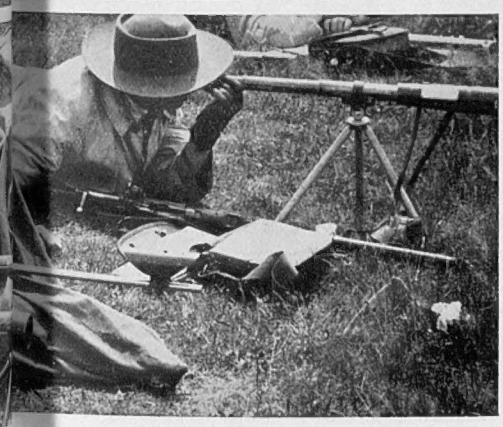
[illegible]ons [illegible]
BISLEY: *Top*—Sailors shooting in one of [illegible]ies a thousand marksmen from the Navy, [illegible]sley. KING'S PRIZE: Women on one of [illegible]s. [illegible] target after every shot in order [illegible]



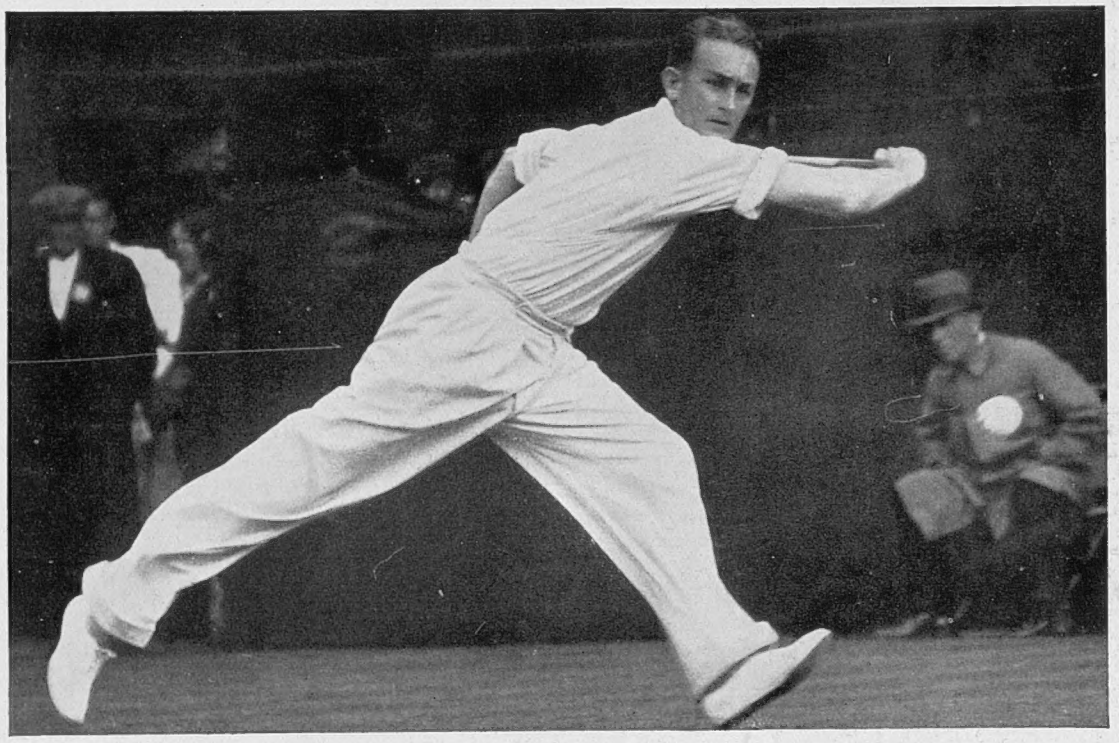


: A general view of the packed stands round Courts 2 and 3 on Saturday afternoon when there was an unusually large
e (Great Britain) is seen in play against the hard-hitting Mlle Payot of Switzerland. The latter won with comparative
EN'S SINGLES: Miss Dorothy Round who on Tuesday avenged Miss Yorke's defeat in her match with Mlle Payot

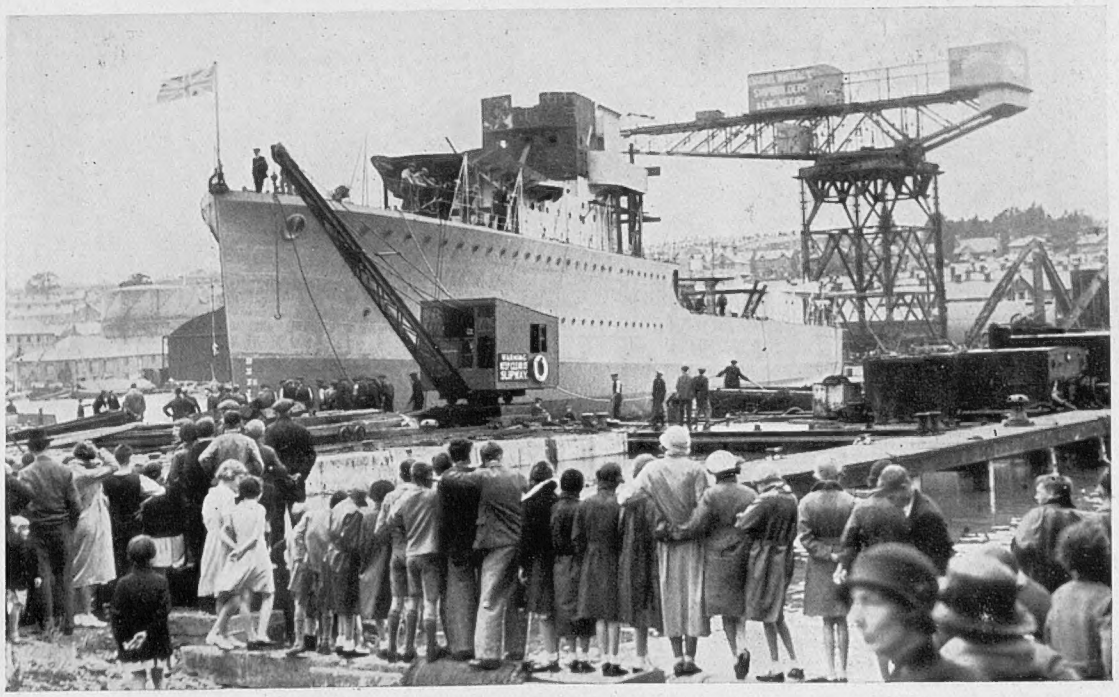
E VENTS



ons at the start of Services' Week in which over a
ies are taking part. *Above*—PREPARING FOR THE
sley. During practice telescopes are directed on the
s. In competitions, however, their use is limited



SUCCEEDING WHERE OTHERS HAD FAILED: J. H. Crawford of Australia, last year's Wimbledon champion, in action against Lester Stoefen, the ace-serving American, whom he somewhat surprisingly defeated by 7—5, 2—6, 7—5, 6—0. He concentrated on his opponent's back-hand and frequently caught him out of position with superb cross-court drives

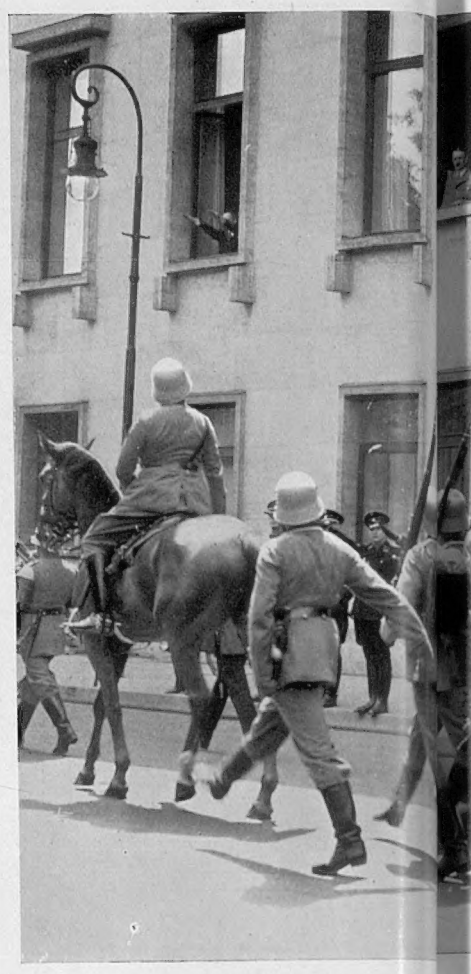


THE FIRST OF HER CLASS: The destroyer, *Forester*, which has been built by the Admiralty under the 1932 Naval construction programme, seen before being launched from Messrs. Samuel White and Company's shipyard at Cowes. She is designed for a speed of 35½ knots and her armament includes two sets of quadruple 21 in. torpedo tubes. A sister ship is nearing completion

GERMANY:

Chancellor Hitler and General Goering Take Drastic Action against Storm Troop Leaders who were Plotting against the Regime

HEIL! Police keeping back the great crowds which congregated outside Chancellor Hitler's residence on Sunday afternoon when the news of the execution of the Storm Troop Leaders was made known to the public



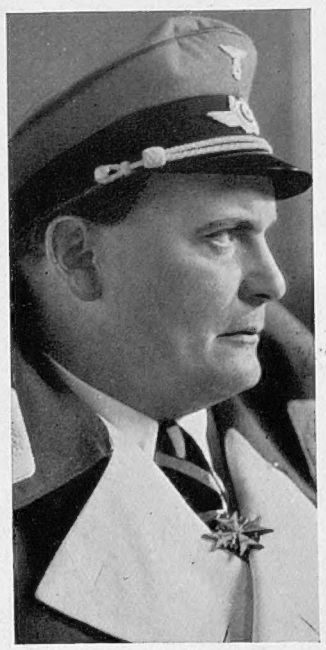
A CALMING INFLUENCE: Chancellor Hitler [illegible] wehr, Germany's regular army, as they [illegible] afternoon. Their presence in the [illegible] who might otherwise [illegible]

GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER AND HIS WIFE: They have both been killed, the former while resisting arrest, and the latter while endeavouring to protect her husband. The General, who was Chancellor in December, 1932, is said to have been one of the ringleaders in the plot to oust Hitler

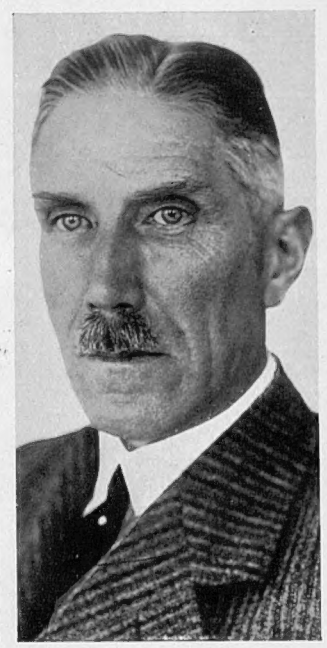
CAPTAIN ERNST ROEHM, leader of the Storm Troops who has been shot for plotting against the present regime

SHOT: Herr Gregor Strasser who was formerly Left Wing Leader of the Nazi Party, but quarrelled with Hitler

GENERAL VON FRITS[illegible] is said to ha[illegible] arrested and shot [illegible] a friend of Gen[illegible] Schleicher



THE PRUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER: General Goering, who, while Hitler was in Munich, directed operations in Berlin



VICE-CHANCELLOR VON PAPEN: As we go to press his resignation from the German Cabinet is being generally anticipated

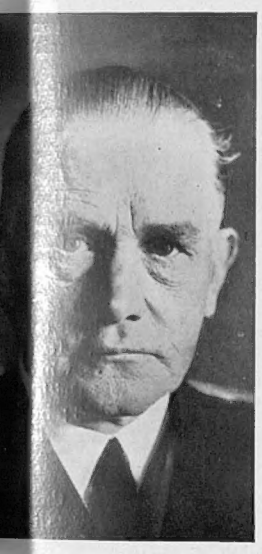
A SON OF THE EX[illegible] Prince August [illegible] Storm Troop Le[illegible] has been kept [illegible] in his own h[illegible]

At this juncture it is almost impossible to place in their true perspective the startling events which occurred in Germany over the week-end.

It seems, however, that on Friday Chancellor Hitler heard from Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, that General von Schleicher, a former Chancellor, and Captain Roehm, Leader of the Storm Troops, were planning "a second revolution" with the aid of dissatisfied members of the Nazi Party. Accordingly, Herr Hitler made a midnight descent on Munich and personally arrested Chief Group-Leader Schneidhuber and Group-Leader Schmidt and stripped them of their

tachment of the Reichs-
his residence on Sunday
n re-assured the populace
ned to panic

STORM TROOPERS: This body, which played such an outstanding part in the rise of the National Socialist movement, has now been disbanded for a month; its members are forbidden to wear uniforms, and the whole organization is to be drastically revised. The principal leaders, Roehm, Heines, and Ernst, have been shot, and Herr Victor Lutze has been put in command. This picture was taken outside the Berlin-Brandenburg Regional S.A. Group Headquarters which was surrounded and entered during the week-end. It was formerly a private house



DER OF GERMANY'S REGU-
LAR ARMY: General von
Blomberg whose troops
kept order in Berlin during
the week-end crisis

HERR VICTOR LUTZE, an ardent supporter of Hitler who has been made Leader of the Storm Troops in succession to Captain Roehm

A POPULAR PERSONALITY: Group Leader Karl Ernst, the youthful Berlin-Brandenburg Brown Shirt commander (centre of second rank) marching with his men. He was an employee in a Berlin hotel before he was precipitated into his brief eminence in the Nazi Party. During the week-end he was arrested and shot in Bremen as he was about to leave for a short holiday in Madeira

R DALUEGE who has been
given the task of reorgan-
izing the Storm Troops in
Central Germany. He is a
General of Police

EXECUTED: Herr Edmund Heines, who was shot at Munich during the week-end, was Police President of Breslau

decorations. He then drove out to Bad Wiessee and arrested Captain Roehm and Edmund Heines, Police President of Breslau. Meanwhile, General Goering, Prime Minister of Prussia, was taking drastic action in Berlin. Vice-Chancellor von Papen was placed under guard, General von Schleicher and his wife were shot, and the Storm Troops were ordered to don civilian clothes and to take a prolonged holiday.

By Sunday afternoon seven of the ringleaders had been put to death, and Captain Roehm, who was given an opportunity of committing suicide, which he refused, afterwards shared their fate. In all about 100 executions are said to have taken place.

On Monday the situation was well in hand, and President von Hindenburg sent personal messages of congratulation to Herr Hitler and General Goering, "thanking them for their courage and resolution in quelling the attempted high treason."

The Ministry of Labour

Its Many and Complicated Tasks

THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR, which is given by Parliament the power to expend some £65,000,000 of public money, is, speaking broadly, responsible for (a) administering the Labour Exchange Act, which provides for the supply of labour to industry; (b) the administration of the Unemployment Insurance Acts, i.e., the whole mass of legislation controlling the insurance of industrial workers and the payment to them of benefit—under certain conditions—when out of work; (c) the administration of the Transitional Payments (Needs Test) Acts; (d) the maintenance of relations between employer and employed through the industrial courts, trade boards, and conciliation acts, with international labour affairs through the International Labour Office; (e) the preparation of labour statistics and the publication of the admirable *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, and (f) the financing and control of the Unemployed Fund. Its work is at all times highly complicated; it often tends to make the Ministry unpopular, and it has the task of dealing with the immense problem constituted by three factors—population, demand for work or maintenance, and the demand of industry for workers.

THE BEST WAY to get a clear picture of the Ministry in action is to study the work of an individual employment exchange in an industrial area. Its task is first to take particulars of men, women, and juveniles seeking work, and to endeavour to find them employers. To do this, it must have the confidence of the employers as a medium for supplying reliable workers. It must administer the machinery of unemployment relief, the payment of benefit, and the testing of applicants for benefit. The unemployed person "signs on," is registered, is paid his or her benefit, if due, on certain dates, is informed of vacant jobs, and is generally under the care of the Ministry whether in or out of work. It is obvious that the officials in charge of such exchanges must have high qualities, and their success in providing work must depend largely on their initiative. Much of the unemployment legislation, notably the "means test," is obviously unpopular with the unemployed. It has to be administered with tact and sympathy. On the other hand too much sympathy may be taken as a sign of weakness. Equally, the officials must have the confidence of potential employers. They have to satisfy two customers.

In his last speech in the House as minister, Sir Henry Betterton paid the following warm tribute to its officials: "The personnel of the Ministry of Labour . . . have established themselves not only in the confidence but in many cases in the affections of those whom they are trying to help. They have identified themselves in their localities with the cares, with the anxieties, and with the hopes of those with whom they are brought into immediate contact, and I am certain that they as a body deserve not merely the confidence of the House of Commons but the gratitude of the country." There is concrete proof that this praise is well merited. Not long ago many employers had a definite prejudice against the exchanges and preferred to engage their hands direct. That is dying away, and in 1933 the exchanges filled 2,200,000 vacancies, 350,000 more than in 1932.

IN addition there are eight training centres giving expert instruction under modern factory conditions. Able to take 3,000 men at a time, they have trained 46,000 since the inception of the scheme, and 84 per cent. of them found employment. There are also seventeen instructional centres, where the men can take courses to get back their physical strength and so make it possible for them to hold down a job when they get it. The work of these centres, which handle about 38,000 cases a year, was recently described in THE SPHERE.

The Ministry of Labour and Parliament have lost Sir Henry Betterton on his appointment to be Chairman of the new Unemployment Assistance Board. His work as a minister has shown that it would have been difficult to choose a better man to administer funds of over £60,000,000 a year, supervise the welfare of some 17,000,000 people, and take over from the local authorities the administration of transitional benefit and Poor Law relief. He has enhanced the prestige of the Ministry of Labour with employers and wage-earners, and he has piloted through Parliament a most complicated piece of legislation, the new Unemployment Bill.

J. Baker White

Imber Court Horse Show

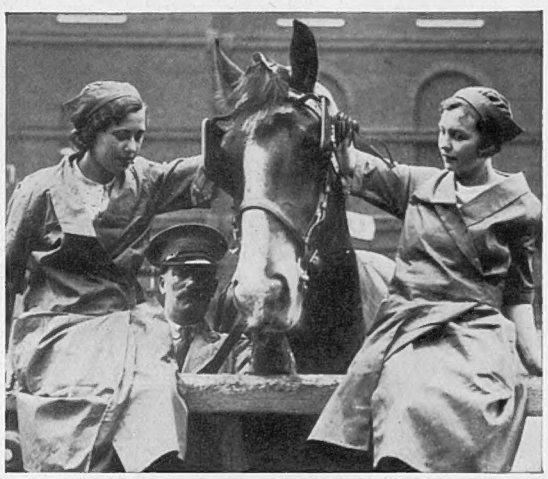
The Imber Court Horse Show Society will hold its Thirteenth Annual Show and Tournament at Imber Court on July 11 and 12, when members of the Royal Family will be present. This year's show bids fair to be even better than its predecessors. The programme includes a number of jumping competitions, in which some of the best-known performers in England will take part, while other interesting features are Open Team Jumping events, Bending races, Trotting races, Tent Pegging, and Musical Chairs. In addition original Musical Rides and Drives will be performed

(Continued in third column)

A POPULAR CHOICE: Sir Henry Betterton who retires from the Cabinet and from the office of Minister of Labour to take up the important position of Chairman of the new Unemployment Assistance Board

ELEVATED TO CABINET RANK: Mr. Oliver Stanley, Minister of Transport, who succeeds Sir Henry Betterton as Minister of Labour

NOW MINISTER OF TRANSPORT: Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who succeeds Mr. Oliver Stanley



THE CONQUERING HERO: Joseph, winner of a first prize at the International Horse Show, poses with two of his admirers before setting out on his daily round. He draws a brewer's dray

THE NEW DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, formerly Marquess of Blandford, who succeeded to the title a few days ago on the death of his father, the 9th Duke. With him is his wife, daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea, and his eldest son who becomes Marquess of Blandford

Our Nigerian Visitors

What Manner of Men are They?

THREE West African native chiefs, who have never previously been outside their own country, are now for the first time tasting the delights of this brave new world of ours. We know they are followers of Muhammad and faithful subjects of His Majesty the King; but apart from these two facts, *what manner of men are they*, and what do they really think of this spectacular civilization? Are they being thrilled, or will they go back to their millions of people unruffled and indifferent? Or will the sights and sounds of our England stir in their hearts feelings of greater loyalty to their King-Emperor? One would have to know them and their country well to answer these questions.

The area of the whole of Nigeria is more than three times that of the British Isles and in this vast but thinly populated country there are only about 4,000 white men. How many people in this country realize that this little group of outposts is governing and trading with 20,000,000 natives? From this 4,000 only a few hundred are actually administering this vast territory and they are scattered hundreds of miles apart. In Northern Nigeria, where our visitors, the Sultan of Sokoto, the Emir of Kano and the Emir of Gwandu, hold authority, an even smaller handful of white men are guiding the destinies of 10,000,000 in a vast open land of desert tracks and granite hills in which nestle villages of mud huts with grass roofs merging into jungle farther south.

THIS, in brief, is their background, and against it one sees, moving with dignity, the tall figures of our African chiefs in their inevitable white gowns and turbans. When one of them is touring his province he will pay his respects to the lonely white man in the district. He will halt his retinue at a respectful distance from the Englishman's bungalow and send a messenger on foot to ask permission to approach. This being accorded he will dismount and remove his sandals before stepping up on to the veranda. After the usual exchange of courtesies he will wait until his host is seated before he himself will rest. And whether his own house be a hut of sun-baked mud or a two-storied "palace" there is always a guest-room with a meal ready for the stranger within his gates.

There is a serenity in their lives, a blind faith in the will of Allah, that remains untouched by a changing world. There is, perhaps, a slow assimilation of progress in material things, but the easy flow of Muhammadan philosophy fills their minds. Time cannot be hurried. They may sometimes allow their living bodies to be transported in modern limousine cars at sixty miles an hour, but the surface of their minds remains unruffled and they do not feel the necessity of tuning in to the speed of the moment.

This slow-motion background has nevertheless seen much bloodshed, and they have fought throughout the centuries for their beliefs and independence. It is surprising to realize that their conqueror, the white man, only established the suzerainty of the British Empire in Kano and Sokoto as recently as 1903; but this was prophesied by Muhammad, that they would accept the white man's guidance.

A STRIKING PROOF of their faith was their loyalty during the War. For our campaigns in East Africa and the Cameroons the sum of £150,000 was contributed through the Native Administration in the northern provinces by people whose average earning capacity cannot be more than 10s. a week.

The Muslim Hausa of this country makes a fine soldier or policeman, and from them we recruit the Royal West African Frontier Force, a young regiment which has already been blooded in battle. We have taught them and their civilian brothers to build bridges, roads, electric power schemes, railways and how to maintain them, but in spite of all this their Muhammadan philosophy flows unchecked and somehow their biblical background remains the same. They will shrug their shoulders at our innovations, they will gaze tranquilly at our luxury liners at anchor in their harbours. They will say, "It is the white man's palaver." That is all, and there is only one word to fit the atmosphere—Aloofness.

Aloofness and integrity. To walk with dignity, to live with dignity, seems to be the guiding principle of their lives. They are true sons of the desert.

Peter Thom

each day, also an Activity Ride introducing many new thrills. These should prove an entertaining and instructive item of the show as the majority of the horses taking part are young remounts purchased last year, and their hardiness in the ring will demonstrate what can be achieved in such a brief period under the modern riding-school system of training. The Home Secretary will present the Challenge Trophies and Cups on the second day. An excellent service of electric trains runs at frequent intervals from Waterloo to Thames Ditton station, which is two minutes from the show ground. L.G.O.C. 'buses run to the main entrance of Imber Court, and trams run to Hampton Court Bridge

ROYAL EVENTS of the WEEK

The King and Queen in the City — The Prince of Wales at a Kentish Fair

OPENING THE NEW CHARTERED INSURANCE INSTITUTE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The King reading his inaugural address in the oak-panelled conference hall before an audience representing the insurance profession in Great Britain. The Queen is seen holding a bouquet of pink carnations presented by Miss Hilda Theobald, the first woman Fellow of the Institute

CONSILIUM SCIENTIA: The arms adorning the walls of the new Chartered Insurance Institute in Aldermanbury. Membership of the Institute to-day exceeds 23,000

MAKING A ROUND OF INSPECTION: The Queen at the new senior school of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls which she opened at Rickmansworth Park, Hertfordshire. The new building with accommodation for 400 students and staff, takes the place of the old school at Clapham which has been in use for eighty-two years

IN AID OF THE UNEMPLOYED: The Prince of Wales spent two hours at a County Fair in Mote Park, Maidstone, organized to assist the funds of the Kent Council of Social Service. During his tour of the fair he saw Maypole revels, massed folk-dancing, and numerous other colourful displays. *Left*—H.R.H. and members of the Young Farmers' Club with their lambs. *Right*—Inspecting a Guard of Honour mounted by the 4th Battalion, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment

GUESTS of the GOVERNMENT

How Britain Entertains Her Distinguished Visitors

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE and his English wife taking leave of the Captain of the *Berengaria* on arrival at Southampton

"THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITALITY FUND would lose half its utility and all its grace if the reasons for which it was proffered or withheld became a matter of question and answer in Parliament."

This polished, gentlemanly, and almost classic statement was made by the late Lulu Harcourt, then First Commissioner of Works, in reply to Mr. Leif-Jones, M.P., on July 23, 1908—the year in which the Government Hospitality Fund first came into existence. For over a quarter of a century all efforts to pierce the veil of privacy concealing the activities of the Government Hospitality Fund have been unavailing. It has been left to THE SPHERE to raise it with suitable elegance.

In 1908 Lloyd George was the Chancellor; Asquith was the Prime Minister. The avowed object of the new department can be read by all in *Whitaker's Almanac*—"Organizing official hospitality on a regular basis with a view to the promotion of international goodwill." Until 1919, and even later, this goodwill business was departmentalized and consequently overdone. It was the boom of post-War festivities which was responsible for the crystallizing of Official Hospitality. The late Mr. W. T. Stead really inspired the present regime. Then a member of Parliament, shortly after the War, asked how much the Government spent in hospitality. The answer was a lemon,—in other words, the responsible Minister replied that it would take too long to find out. I am assured, without, however, the slightest basis of accuracy, that the last grant before 1922 for Hospitality amounted to no less than £250,000.

When official hospitality was centralized, it was put under the Treasury. This was wise. The Treasury had no axe to grind. If the hospitality had been handed over to the Foreign Office, it is possible that the War Office, the Colonial Office, and the Admiralty might have suffered. A similar result might have occurred if either of the last two offices had secured control of the fund at the expense of, let us say, the Foreign Office.

At first the grant was in the neighbourhood of £20,000 a year, which does not compare very favourably with the £30,000 spent by the Swedish Government on the International Postal Congress at Stockholm alone. It compares still less favourably with the millions of lire spent by the Italian Government in 1922 on the Geneva Conference, when they commandeered hotels and motor cars wholesale for the delegates of the foreign countries visiting them. Since 1922 the Government Hospitality Fund has shrunk by degrees in its allocation to £6,000 a year. It seems a pity that the obvious must have occurred. In other words, that the standard of hospitality is now set, not by the host but by the guest. Few gentlemen giving dinner parties give an inferior guest inferior champagne. I do not say that the secretary of the Government Hospitality Fund does so himself; but it does seem—to change a metaphor—that with the amount of money at his disposal he is compelled to make bricks without straw.

Actually the Government Hospitality Fund consists primarily of the secretary—Major Crankshaw, who was formerly in the Royal Fusiliers, rides to hounds, takes part in point-to-points, and is a very charming fellow with oceans of tact and patience. Under him he has two assistants. That is all the permanent staff, though it is, on occasion, augmented when necessary. Oriental potentates like the Amir of Transjordan, delegations like the Belgian Mission and the Nepalese Mission (which have both visited us this year) are his especial care; apart from the innumerable official dinners, conferences, and congresses—anything from the International Broadcasting Union upwards and downwards.

THE GOVERNMENTAL HOST: Major Crankshaw, Secretary of the Government Hospitality Fund. He makes all the arrangements for the entertainment of important visitors from abroad

The Government Hospitality Fund uses Lancaster House (presented by the late Lord Leverhulme to the nation for the joint purposes of Government Hospitality and the London Museum) as its main entertainment centre. It is in Lancaster House that the cellar of choice old clarets, brandies, and ports is kept. It will make the mouth of the average wine-bibber water to learn that there are still several cases of Grands Fins Bois 1820, not to mention 1900 ports and 1893 clarets. Indeed, Sir Lionel Earle who, with Mr. Hastings Perkin and Lieut.-Colonel Osbert Vesey, form the wine-buying committee, told me at dinner the other night that the Government Hospitality Fund has undoubtedly the best cellar of clarets, if of nothing else, in the world. Moreover, it will continue to be in that proud position because it has laid in a magnificent stock of the 1929 clarets. The Government Hospitality Fund has very elastic rules. There is one, however, which is always maintained—champagne is never served at luncheon but is always served at dinner.

When Oriental monarchs arrive from the East they are given a very good time through this department. Best treated of all in modern times was King Amanullah of Afghanistan. The Admiralty gave him Fleet exercises. The Army gave him a show of tanks. The Admiralty riposted with a trip in a submarine from Portsmouth to Southampton. But, naturally, it depends on the advance news of the tastes of foreign visitors as to what they are shown. Amanullah was keen on machinery so he was taken over the works of Rolls-Royce and Morris motors. It was not until fairly late in the day that it was discovered that he was bored with cathedrals. Finally, at Peterborough he said regally "No more stone houses for me."

Ordinarily the routine trip arranged for a potentate includes the Mint, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Oxford, Cambridge, and theatres or else music halls, according to taste. The Amir of Transjordan, for example, likes music halls and not theatres. He also likes machinery. In consequence he has been taken over all kinds of works, motor cars and the like. So for a whole calendar month Major Crankshaw will have taken care of him, sometimes from 9 a.m. till after midnight. Fortunately for the department visits of foreigners on this scale do not occur more than two or three times a year. Despite this, there is any amount of work to be done.

One of the trickiest duties of the Government Hospitality Fund is to arrange the table planning. How many people know who takes precedence—the Aga Khan or an English duke? Very few outside the Government Hospitality Fund. Even this department was temporarily tripped up when I asked the relative precedence of a Master of Lunacy, a Sergeant at Law, and a Commander of the Bath. To be technical for a moment, a Commander of the Bath comes third, with the Sergeant at Law first, and the Master of Lunacy in between to keep them apart so to speak. Precedence in reality depends on the function. Supposing, for the sake of example, there is a Naval Architects' Dinner, the gentleman who is going to make the speech will get precedence over someone who might be way up the list above him in the ordinary way.

Even when the hospitality officers are not busy, they still have much more work to do than the average person. They will arrive at 10 o'clock in their offices and find, let us say, a chit from the Foreign Office telling them that a foreign mission is coming over on such and such a date, and asking whether it can be officially entertained. The request is forwarded to Mr. Ormsby Gore, who in his personal capacity and not as First Commissioner of Works is the titular head of the department.

When sanction is obtained, the Government Hospitality Fund estimates the cost of the official hospitality, which may be either semi or full; in other words, possibly one dinner or a whole month of free eats and hotel bills, etc., as given to the Amir of Transjordan. In that event the hospitality officers try to find out what the visitor or visitors prefer to see, eat, drink, and enjoy. The programme is then mapped out of shopping, sightseeing, and so on, during the whole of which Major Crankshaw is on tap.

In conclusion and to revert to the question of precedence, it may strike the average layman as unusual that the size of the country represented by an ambassador or minister over here has nothing to do with the order of precedence of that ambassador or minister. It depends entirely on the date when he was appointed. Which being so, it is the less surprising to learn that the British Empire with its immense resources, spends a great deal less on hospitality than Czechoslovakia. This seems a pity. Many a good ship has been spoilt for the sake of a penn'orth of tar.

THE AMIR ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN, who is spending three weeks in this country as the guest of the Government, trying his hand with a service rifle on one of the ranges at Aldershot

OUR AFRICAN VISITORS

And the Investiture at Buckingham Palace

PANORAMA OF THE METROPOLIS: The Sultan of Sokoto, the Emir of Kano, and the Emir of Gwandu, the three African chiefs who are paying a short visit to London, went to Unilever House with their retinue last week where they obtained a wonderful view of the city from the roof

THE SMILING SULTAN: The ruler of Sokoto being shown over the battle cruiser *Renown* during a day's visit to Portsmouth with his fellow-African chiefs. He was also greatly interested in Nelson's famous flagship, *Victory*

LAST WEEK'S INVESTITURE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: *Left*—Mrs. Barbara Burge, wife of the Midnapore magistrate who was murdered by terrorists, received the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal of the First Class. *Right*—Major-General Barton Crozier, eldest son of the late Archbishop of Armagh, and Major-General Russell Luckock, son of a former Dean of Lichfield, who both received the Order of the Bath

A NURSE HONOURED: Miss Ethel Rose Collins, Principal Matron of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, leaving Buckingham Palace after she had received the Order of the British Empire at the Investiture

THE FLAT-BOTTOMED "BURCHI": Boats which ply between Venice and the market gardens of Chioggia

EXPLORING THE VENETIAN LAGOON

An Ideal Summer Holiday Pastime

CONSIDERING how well Venice is known to the English, curiously few of them have discovered the attractions and possibilities, particularly for boating, offered by the vast lagoon in which she is set. All visitors cross a very dull corner of it in the train or shoot over the same section on the new three-mile "motor-bridge." Some take a steamer and cross in an afternoon to Murano, Burano, and Torcello. Of the peculiar atmosphere of the lagoon, its specialized life and shipping, its more remote islets, they can know nothing—unless they take a boat and explore for themselves.

Ordinary rowing boats can be hired at the public boat-houses, whilst, for the expert armed with an introduction to the two great rowing clubs, Bucintoro and Querini, all facilities are given for using every sort of craft. The newcomer is, however, strongly advised to tackle boldly the local types, such as *gondola* and *sandola*. These are, like all lagoon goers, rowed from the stern, standing, and are flat-bottomed to negotiate the *secca*, or shallows, between channel and channel.

The beginner should hire near the outskirts of Venice (such as at the boat-house at S. Trovaso) to avoid negotiating many canals on his way to the lagoon. There is fun from the first. For instance he must try to avoid being spat upon by the children on the Giudecca bridges as he shoots under. It is a good exercise in steering.

Once safely in the open water he can pay a visit to the crab-catchers at their basket traps and see them at work. Then he can potter about the nearer islands, such as S. George of the Seaweed—tumbledown remains of an ancient glory. He can follow (in Byron's wake) to the lovely rose-red Armenian monastery on an islet of cypress and oleander, or to the grim, islanded mad-house of S. Clemente (that so haunted his lordship's imagination).

TO THE NORTH OF VENICE lie islands of great beauty and interest. Torcello with its Byzantine churches and mosaics is just eight miles away. Accommodation for the night (very simple) can be had in the neighbouring Burano, a good centre for exploration. Close by lies the calm little island-monastery of S. Francis-in-the-Desert, reflecting its cypresses. "When S. Francis read the Offices in this Church," explains the old Friar, "all the birds flocked in, for they knew he would never drive them away, and they chirped the responses at the right moment! But they made so much noise they drowned the voices of the Brothers, till S. Francis gently rebuked them."

In this part of the lagoon scenery is at its best. Glassy water, low banks of sea-lavender and bright yellow grasses, the delicate pale campaniles of Burano, Mazzorbo and Torcello in the distance and—far, far away to the north, the jagged long barrier of the Alps. The silence is uncanny.

There is more stir to the south of Venice, where the blazing-sailed fishing bragozzi come tacking in through the "Porti," crossing and re-crossing each other in the narrow channels. Their sails are of the most spectacular colours; yellow and orange, painted with circles, swords, Madonnas, and queer heraldic beasts, in blue, red, and black. On their prows are carved angels, blowing trumpets, and at the stern is some proud motto—"I break but do not bend" or the like.

The unexplored waters of the lagoon offer at the present time an ideal place for those who, in the words of the immortal water-rat, enjoy long hours "messing about in boats—just messing about."

ROWED FROM THE STERN: Fishermen and their flat-bottomed sandolas. These are ideal craft in which to explore the lagoon

A SUNDAY OUTING when many of the University students and their professors pay visits to places of historic interest

A UNIVERSITY FOR FOREIGNERS

An Educational Experiment in Italy

ON Sunday, July 8, the streets of Perugia will be unusually full. Mix with the throng and you will discover a new-born tongue: the *lingua Gallenga*. For these crowds are the students of the Royal Italian University for Foreigners, all doggedly determined to speak none other than the Italian language.

On this day the Minister of Justice, in the Palazzo dei Priori, is to deliver the inaugural address to the gathering which represents one of Italy's idealistic achievements. Chartered in 1926, under its Rector, Gr. Uff. Astorre Lupattelli, this university organized for the strangers has made great progress.

THE PALAZZO GALLENGA: The imposing University building in Perugia

For three summer months its students spend strenuous days in the eighteenth-century Palazzo Gallenga, skilfully modified to meet their needs. There, industry and ambition will find ample satisfaction in a programme embracing Italian literature, history, art, music, politics, and scientific thought, in addition to the acquisition of the language. If that does not suffice, there remain the Etruscan mysteries. Lectures selected from the most distinguished thinkers and speakers of Italy discuss themes diverse as Monteverdi and political economy, Dante and the advertisement press, the furnishings of an Etruscan tomb and the freakishness of modern decorative art. A sheer delight it often is merely to listen to a melodious language spoken with fastidious care, enhanced by a rich variety of tone and gesture.

To some, the students themselves are the most intriguing study; in age ranging from the girl of seventeen to the veteran of seventy-five, university students, educationists, lawyers, journalists, ladies of leisure. What a choice one has amongst 550 belonging to thirty to forty nationalities! One may forgather with an Athenian advocate or a Syrio-Egyptian authoress, a singer from Paris, or a student from Glasgow, a Burmese or a Libyan, a Pole or a Japanese; intercourse made possible if diverting through the *lingua Gallenga!* Social opportunities abound; receptions, concerts, open-air tea-parties and, above all, Sunday jaunts. Then the establishment in a body—rector, secretariat, professors, students—goes adventuring for a long day to some Umbrian city, where the wily organizer of playtime contrives that a modicum of culture is intermingled, be it at the Fountains of Clitunno, the Etruscan walls of Cortona, the churches of Assisi and Orvieto.

WHERE STUDENTS OF MANY NATIONS FORGATHER: A scene on the balcony of the Royal Italian University for Foreigners at Perugia

FOLLOWING THE MAN WITH THE ACCORDION: Gaily dressed villagers from Saracinesco parading through the streets of Rome during the annual flower carnival. This is really a revival of the old Roman feast of the Maggiolata

A Picturesque Floral Carnival in Rome

Peasants from a Remote Mountain Village Entertain the Inhabitants of the Italian Capital

A WOMAN OF SPEZIA: She has on one of the elaborate and colourful national costumes which the people delight to wear on festive occasions

FLASHING TEETH AND SPARKLING EYES: These peasants of Saracinesco, who are darker in complexion than most of the people of central Italy, are said to be descendants of the Saracens. They make excellent artists' models and often whole families earn their living in this way

MINING IN MINIATURE

Scenes in the Gold Fields of Southern Rhodesia

On left—THE LOW COST OF LABOUR is one of the main factors contributing to the success of these small mines in Rhodesia. Natives with wheelbarrows take the place of the long lines of conveyer belts seen in larger mines, thus saving the owner from enormous capital outlay. This picture shows a native bringing ore to the mill, where one of his fellow workers will feed it into the mortar box for crushing

FOR CRUSHING ORE: Erecting a small two-stamp battery in a gold mine near Gatooma, Southern Rhodesia. The natives are raising the camshaft into position by means of a block and tackle. Gold to the value of £17,000,000 has been mined in this district, mostly by workers on a small scale

On right—CYANIDING: When the ore has been crushed to a fine sand, it is conveyed to a large tank where it is treated with a weak solution of sodium cyanide. This dissolves the gold which had not been yielded up in the earlier process owing to its being combined with other minerals

In no other country has the small miner, willing and able to work on his own account, a better chance of success than in Southern Rhodesia. On the Witwatersrand enormous sums of money must be spent on machinery and equipment before production can begin, and it is often a long time before a mine becomes a paying proposition. Farther north in Rhodesia, however, a few men, with only a limited amount of capital, can do extremely well. In fact in 1931 it was estimated that over 14,000 people were employed in these small enterprises, whereas only 10,000 were employed by the large companies. The mining laws have been revised to encourage the "little man," while at the Assay Office in Bulawayo engineering advice is given gratis and samples are tested at low cost. In certain cases financial assistance is also provided for the development of claims, so it is easy to understand why mines, such as those depicted on this page, are growing in numbers and contributing increasingly to the prosperity of the country

RAISING ORE WITH A WINDLASS AND BUCKET: This is the usual method employed in the small mines

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: Pouring the gold into an ingot mould after it has been smelted with borax to remove impurities

NATIVE LIFE IN AFRICA

A Kraal Seen from the Air—Nigerian Women who Stain their Finger-nails

CHUKA WOMEN OF KENYA: These primitive people, who belong to a minor tribe, claim to be descendants of the original inhabitants of the country

A NATIVE KRAAL IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: A remarkable aerial picture, which could be taken only after special permission had been obtained from the Government, of a village inhabited by the Ovambo tribe in the most northern part of the territory. The dwellings and store houses are surrounded by strong stakes as a protection against the beasts of the desert, while in the centre of a maze of passages is the chief's hut which, for a stranger, is almost impossible of access. The Ovambo are an agricultural race and are also skilled iron-workers, making their own knives and spears

"WEAVING THE WEB DESIRE": European women who tint their finger-nails are not being so modern as perhaps some of them imagine. Natives of West Africa, seemingly with a view to attracting masculine attention, have done this for centuries. This woman of a Nigerian tribe has her arm in a gourd containing a mixture of dried leaves and water. After two or three days of immersion her nails and the palms of her hands become stained a dark red which lasts for a considerable time. Some of the African beauties also stain their feet and toe-nails in this way. The leaf which they use is obtained from a shrub called "Lali." This is picked when the sap is at its highest, and is then thoroughly dried in the sun

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Where Pirates Thrive

By FRANK C. BOWEN

Above and on left—CHINESE TRADING JUNKS: It is this type of vessel that is usually attacked by pirates, as the outcry which follows is never so great as when a foreign steamer is seized

WHENEVER people, many of whom ought to know better, get the comforting feeling that piracy is a thing of the past, John Chinaman is always willing to oblige with an incident to show them that they are wrong, and the lesson is often needed even by those in official positions. Piracy is never dead on the China coast and on its great waterways; occasionally it is confined to native craft for a time, and then there are always well-meaning folk who maintain that steamers and their passengers are quite safe, and the expensive precautions taken against piracy can be abandoned.

For nearly twelve months Chinese pirates have left European ships, or Chinese ships big enough to interest the European Press, severely alone, and have confined their operations to preying on native trading junks whose troubles get no hearing outside a small area, but their seizure of the British coasting liner *Helikon* shows that they are still prepared for their old game in which they have every prospect of success. Our naval people on the China station have been expecting this outbreak for some time and have taken every possible measure in concert with the Japanese and American navies, but it is fully realized that the odds are all in favour of the pirates and will remain so until the Chinese authorities take an active part in their suppression.

It is true that foreign trading ships can be given protection by convoys to work up and down the coast as they did on the rivers during the worst part of the recent trouble, but the convoy system is always most inconvenient for the trading community, and its imposition would mean heavy losses to a business which is already handicapped quite enough. Armed guards on board the ships themselves have been tried with very considerable success, although the desire for economy has greatly reduced their utility, but it is impossible to maintain the closest vigilance month in and month out, and sooner or later there will be a moment of relaxation of which the pirates will take immediate advantage. For in tackling steamers the modern Chinese pirate always works on the same system, he and his band take tickets like ordinary passengers, spread themselves all over the ship, and wait with Eastern patience for the signal to seize the vessel. They may take twenty trips up and down the coast before the ideal opportunity presents itself, and in such circumstances success is practically certain in every case.

AGAINST these pirates some foreign navies maintain a carefully worked out patrol by men-of-war, shallow gunboats of special design on the rivers, and at sea, cruisers, sloops, and destroyers, the last-named particularly valuable on account of their speed for getting to the scene of trouble with the least delay. These patrols do exceedingly valuable work, but they obviously cannot be everywhere on the trade lanes at the same time, and the pirates' methods make a special point of seizing the ship with little or no noise and then proceeding to loot her thoroughly without any outside indication that anything is wrong. A man-of-war might pass within a few hundred yards of a ship which is actually in the hands of the pirates and not notice that anything was wrong; it may be mentioned that the possession of an officer's, engineer's, or wireless certificate granted by the British authorities in Hong Kong is regarded as one of the finest qualifications for a young pirate.

This warship control is as large as the Powers can afford to keep it, but it is bound to be inadequate. Britain, Japan, and the United States bear the brunt of the cost and have some fine ships on the work. A certain amount of help is received from the French, but they are chiefly interested in their own colonies farther south. The Germans and Norwegians have an enormous amount of shipping on the Chinese coast to be protected but they take no share in the patrol. Germany, of course, is handicapped in this by the naval clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and it is remembered to her credit that before the War she was very active in police work, but there is very bitter feeling that Norway, and other powers whose flags are so common in the trade, leave the protection of their shipping to the other Powers.

FEELING is bitter on the attitude of China in the matter, for her authorities are nominally in charge of all effort except on the open sea, where the pirates are naturally difficult to catch, and within very hampering limits on the big rivers.

The land side is entirely the concern of the Chinese authorities, in which the Powers can only interfere as a last resort. Yet they permit the continued existence of openly piratical communities at Bais Bay, Honghan Bay, and certain spots on the Canton and Yangtse rivers. There is no concealment about these communities; they are openly piratical and regard piracy as no sin unless you are caught by a superior force. The crews of foreign men-of-war protecting commerce have the mortification of seeing information concerning them signalled from station to station quite openly as they pass, under the eyes of warships flying the Chinese flag, but it is in Chinese territory and the Chinese authorities will not rout them out. They will not even maintain a blockade of these localities which would prevent the pirates getting their prizes home, and which would be quite possible even with the ancient ships which now make up the Chinese Navy.

Plenty of promises are received that immediate steps will be taken, but very little is done. Perhaps the only real measure has been the sending of twenty-five young Chinese officers to serve in the Royal Navy and to get both traditions and training. They are now mostly with the Mediterranean Fleet and are seeing as much as the British Navy has to show them. When first they came over some of them started by learning the Admiralty Manual of Seamanship by heart, and blandly referring their examiners to such and such a page for their answer, but now they are making good progress. They are intelligent, take a real interest in their work, put their backs into the task and have the makings of good seamen.

THE commercial community in the East, who have had experience of Chinese administration, asks whether they will be used against the pirates when they get back, or whether they will be diverted to some duty more intimately connected with civil war and the seizure of power. And when will China enlist seamen who can follow these fully-trained young officers, train them properly, and keep them contented and efficient by paying their wages? Finally, when will the national finances be in a condition to supply ships which are adequate for the work?

All these questions are difficult to answer, but in the meantime piracy is very much alive and the pirates are robbing Europeans as well as natives, and borrowing the bandits' practice of taking some of the ship's passengers ashore with them for a ransom or a terrible death. Things have come to such a pass that a Court of Law has recently given the definite ruling in an insurance case that a piratical attack is *the natural result* of a ship stranding on the Chinese coast.

ALSO SUBJECT TO ATTACK: When pirates attempt to seize a passenger vessel they take tickets like ordinary travellers and wait, with typical Eastern calm, for the opportune moment. They seldom fail

India and Japan

News from the Far East

PROSPECTIVE FARMERS' WIVES: Girl students at the Agricultural School at Chiba, near Tokyo, who are being trained to work on the land. The industrial expansion of Japan, and the consequent movement of the agrarian population into the cities, has resulted of recent years in quite a shortage of farm workers

A TRIPLE HONOUR: General Bahadur Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, son of the Maharajah and Prime Minister of Nepal, who was created a Marshal of the Land, Sea, and Air Forces of China at a Durbar held last month in Katmandu, the Nepalese capital. On his right is the Chinese Consul-General, and on his left the Vice-Consul

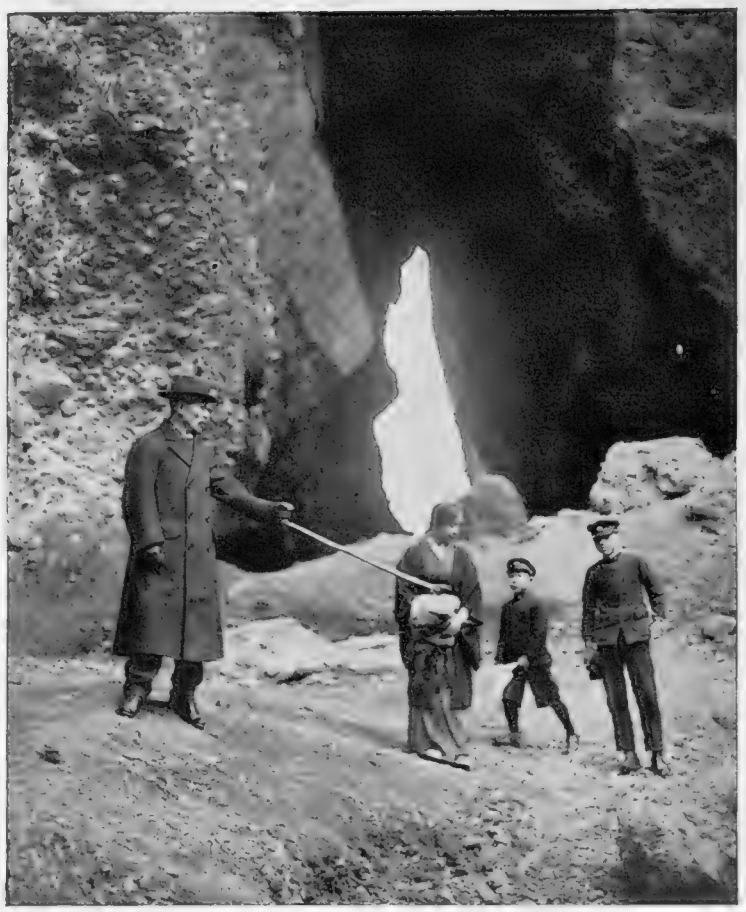
A GREAT SCOUT RALLY IN THE INDIAN CAPITAL: The Hon. H. S. Crosthwaite, Acting Provincial Chief Scout inspecting a native patrol on the review ground in New Delhi

REPAIRING THE ROOF OF THE TEMPLE AT PUSHKAR, RAJPUTANA: It is the only place of worship in India dedicated to Brahma. Thousands of pilgrims flock here every year

THE JAPANESE YEAR

While the Country is Outwardly Westernized the Old Oriental Customs and Festivals Still Play an Outstanding Part in the National Life

By R. V. C. BODLEY



A STATESMAN IN PUBLIC: General Sadao Araki in Western dress. Until January of this year he was War Minister in the Japanese Cabinet

SO MUCH has been written about the Westernization of Japan that a general belief is growing up that the modern Japanese has lost most of his Oriental characteristics.

This is by no means the case, for though the traveller passing through Kobe, or the visitor remaining for some weeks in Tokyo, will only record impressions of concrete buildings, efficient railway services and European clothes, these are but outward signs of progress deemed necessary by the Japanese in order to compete with the rest of the world. Under this covering of Western bustle lies the old spirit of Japan with all her ancient customs dating from time immemorial.

A Japanese commercial magnate will have a sumptuous office with a magnificent desk, telephones, secretaries, and all those appurtenances as seen on the cinema screen, but he will transact any important business squatting on the floor of a tea house. He will probably sign a contract in his office with the responsible head of the concern involved, but all the preliminaries of the transaction will have been carried out through intermediaries who may or may not be connected with the firms in question. A foreigner who tries to adopt Western methods and approach the man with whom he wishes to do business direct will be received politely, but he will get no further; even when dealing with Government officials the object will be more rapidly achieved by sending a friend to see a subordinate than by calling on the head of the department in person. What is extraordinary is that with this tedious Oriental way of doing things the Japanese have not only succeeded in catching up the European and the American but are beating them at their own work.

A DIRECTOR of a Japanese firm will take a meal with a foreigner at a Westernized restaurant, dressed in the London fashion, conforming, without apparent effort, to the methods of eating and the hour of dining; but the moment he has crossed the threshold of his house all things foreign will be forgotten. Leaving his shoes outside the door he will cast coat, trousers, shirt, etc., aside, and, having taken a bath, during the course of which the maid will have scrubbed his back, he will appear in kimono and squatting before a small table eat his Japanese dinner with chopsticks, usually before six. He will sleep on a mattress laid out on the floor, and rising early in the morning make his breakfast off rice, raw fish and soup. The wife, save in exceptional cases, will take no part in her husband's life outside the home, and once he has left the house will have to give her no account of what he has been doing. He may lunch out, dine out; all this has nothing to do with the family, his only responsibility being to supply his dependants with food, lodging and clothing.

The Japanese year has twelve months and is as outwardly Western as other matters Japanese. Where there is a great difference is in the matter of holidays, for while there are a great number of national festivals, regular holidays such as we know them do not exist, except for students and schoolmasters. On Sundays, for instance, Government offices and banks and a few of the more important business firms close, but all the shops and places of amusement stay open. The regular summer holiday to which the European or American feels himself entitled is more the exception than the rule in Japan. Those employees who are granted a fortnight's leisure during the course of the year usually spread their leave out, taking a few days every month. Heads of big businesses generally own villas at the seaside or in the mountains to which they send their families during the hot weather, joining them for the week-ends. Government officials have no fixed vacations but have the privilege of not doing any work during the afternoon in July and August; factory hands have a certain number of days off during each month but are not paid while absent from their duties.

The only time in the course of the year when there is a general relaxation is from January 1 to 9 when everything seems to come to a standstill. Newspapers are not even printed on certain days during this period, and it would be out of the question to try to transact any business and nothing less than a national crisis would cause a Government official to do more than his bare duties until New Year festivities are over.

In most countries of the civilized world New Year's Day is a national holiday, but in Japan it is really more than a mere cessation of work, for this day has a fundamentally spiritual meaning. Just as the last duty of the Old Year is to take a bath, the first duty of the New Year is to get up early and, putting on new clothes, worship before the house shrine and ancestral tablets, with offerings of pink and white rice cakes, of fruits, and other things which the dead are remembered to have enjoyed in life. The afternoon is spent in paying good-will calls. In the evening friends collect in each other's houses and play the game of poem cards, which consists in committing about one hundred poems to memory and picking up the correct card from those spread out on the mat.

IN THE STREET hawkers are selling strips of paper, on which are written verses about a treasure ship, which, when placed beneath the pillow, will give the sleeper dreams to bring him prosperity throughout the year. For in contrast to the simplicity and love of sentiment in the Japanese character, there is also a keen desire for wealth and material prosperity, and it is an invariable rule for shop assistants to have a half-holiday on October 20, in order that their employers may go and pray for wealth at the temple of Ebisu Sama.

During the course of each month there are a dozen or so festivals, varying in importance, which are observed by everyone regardless of calling or rank. It would be impossible to enumerate them all, but the following are the most important. In February all houses are purified of devils by the scattering of beans followed by the placing of sardines on the doorstep to prevent the devils from returning. This is also the month for the viewing of plum blossoms, and Japanese men and women from all stations in life travel great distances to visit some place famous for its plum trees. With the same veneration for the beauties of nature millions of people leave their homes in April to contemplate cherry blossoms, or in November to walk meditatively through forests of maple trees blood red in their Autumn clothing, or to attend the chrysanthemum shows in the public parks of the cities.

March sees the Dolls' or Girls' Festival and the end of the scholastic year, entailing the passing of examinations which is the aim and object of every Japanese student, male or female, the ability to answering examination questions being in Japan a proof of knowledge.

The most important festival of April takes place on the 3rd when the whole nation commemorates the death of Jimmu Tenno who founded the Japanese Empire 2,600 years ago.

Labour Day is celebrated on May 1 by a handful of proletarians, but so strict are the laws about Communist activities and so severe the penalties for indulging in "dangerous thought" that no one dares to make anything but the mildest of speeches. The Boys' Festival on May 5 is given up to the practice of old-time martial sports.

June in Japan is intensely hot and unpleasantly damp, clothes become mouldy and it is difficult to work in the stuffy atmosphere. River fishing with lines and cormorants opens, and the fresh fish restaurants are thronged by gourmets. Parish gods are taken out of their temples and given an excursion up and down the streets in gilded palanquins carried on the shoulders of their adherents.

During August all those who can escape from the tropical heat of the great cities go to the sea or the hills. There is an interesting festival on the Sumida River in Tokyo consisting of a Buddhist Mass for the souls of those who have been drowned and the spirits of the fish which have been caught.

The death of General Nogi is commemorated in September by pilgrimages to the house in which he and his wife committed hara-kiri. This is also the month for moon-viewing parties. Boys and girls go out into the fields and collect bundles of a tall grass, called susuki, which they then arrange in the casement in such a way that the moon glints through this artificial hedge.

November 1 is the festival of books, which is a kind of farewell ceremony, as on the succeeding days all unwanted books are taken away in carts and sold by the weight! The birthday of the Emperor Meiji, who brought about the reformation of Japan and its opening to the West, is celebrated as a holiday on November 3.

DECEMBER is a very gay month. The shops glitter with their display of presents, and along the pavements are little booths bright with toys, for it is interesting to note that the observance of Christmas Day is almost universal in Japan, and Father Christmas and Santa Claus are necessary adjuncts to a Japanese child's Christmas.

Sports of course have their appointed seasons in Japan as in the West. Football, ski-ing, skating in the winter; baseball, tennis, rowing in the summer; golf all the year round: with this difference, that the average Japanese makes a cult of his sports and practises them as a rite until he is nearly as expert as it is possible to be. Neither does he neglect his archery or his judo or other old-time physical exercises, and takes as much interest in Japanese wrestling as in Western boxing. In fact, in everything he does, work or play, he remains a mixture of contrasts inexplicable to foreigners.

It must be further borne in mind that these people who scare away devils with beans or spend hours in silent contemplation of a cherry tree or a moonrise, are not confined to the peasant class which has had no contact with the West. The observance of the festivals of the Japanese year is part of everyone's life. Perhaps this is the reason why Japan is so successful.

A STATESMAN AT HOME: Mr. Kisaburo Suzuki in Eastern dress. He is one of Japan's party leaders

Players in the Pageant of Parliament

LADIES AT THE COURT OF WILLIAM AND MARY: *Left*—Lady Betty Butler. *Right*—Lady Sempill. The Pageant, which opened at the Albert Hall on June 29 and which will continue until July 21, traces the history of Parliamentary Government in this country in a series of episodes starting with the sealing of Magna Carta in 1215

SAMUEL JOHNSON

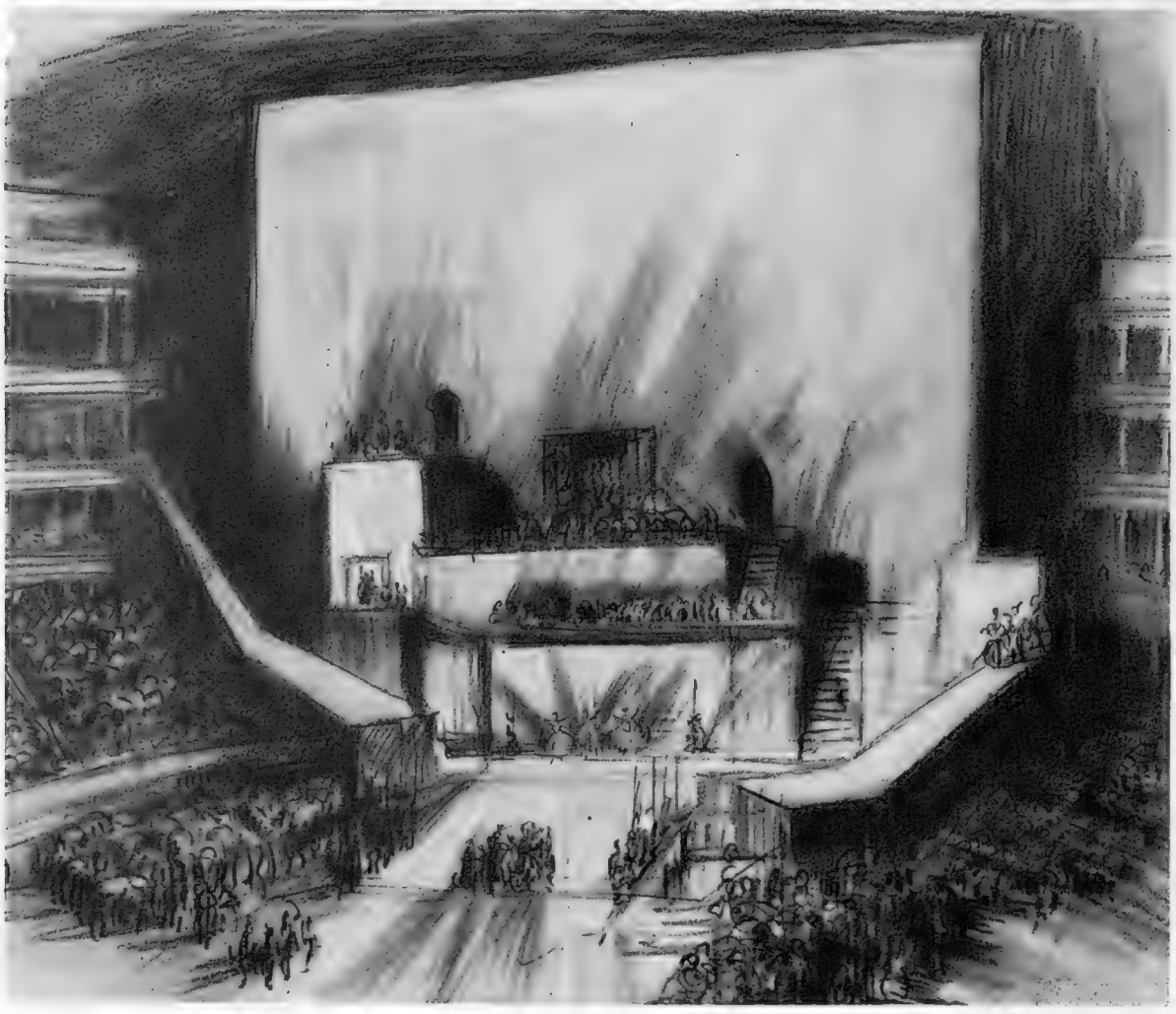
He figures in an entertaining scene with Mrs. Thrale and Boswell. The part is played by Mr. Shayle Gardner

A TUDOR LADY

Miss Wadham as a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Elizabeth in the Tudor episode

THE QUEEN WHO DOMINATED HER PARLI during the Elizabethan episode, shows ho the presentation of the pageant. The light stage where the Queen has been soundly ratte has changed to the lower stage where sh

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER: The Lord Mayor tinguished gathering at the Guildhall after th death of Nelson. "All England has heard," the British commander signalled from the d action but two weeks ago, 'England expec That message, gentlemen, will go down thro spirit of Nelson, whenever sublime courage sha



Drawn by Percy Home

THE PAGEANT'S SETTING: A general view of the cleverly-arranged stages upon which most of the action of the pageant takes place. The producer is Mr. Walter Creighton, who will be remembered for his work in the Wembley Tattoo, and the music is by Mr. Roger Quilter and Mr. Leslie Bridgewater

Two thousand performers, colourful costumes, cleverly devised lighting arrangements, and, above all, carefully selected episodes, have gone far towards making the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall a brilliant and inspiring spectacle. Some might aver that it lacks light relief, and that it is too consistently serious to be good entertainment. The historically minded and those with a sense of the dramatic, however, would levy no such criticism. For here is history thrillingly dramatized. We hear the news of the defeat of the Armada and see the crowds hysterical with joy; we see the forsaken Strafford awaiting his doom in the Tower; crowds lining the streets

1215—1934 : SEVEN CENTURIES OF PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY

Scenes from the Great Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall

THE OPENING EPISODE: King John, seated scowling in his palace, hears from messengers the claims of the Barons and realizes that his only course is to acquiesce. The part of the King is played by Arnold Rooke

MENT. This picture, taken seve... stages are used in have ... faded on the top Parli... t, and the scene is a... ssing her army

London addresses a dis- victory of Trafalgar and the says, "the message which ship as his fleet went into every man to do his duty.' ages to come, echoing the be needed in any crisis"

to welcome Charles II on his arrival at Dover; the window-smashing Suffragettes at work; and last scene of all the whole cast joining in a hymn of thanksgiving. It is a far cry from 1215 to 1934, but this pageant makes us see how liberty has steadily grown, and how oppression has played an ever-decreasing part in our national life.

THIS YEAR OF GRACE: The 1934 episode with which the pageant closes. While the peers and peeresses in their gaily coloured robes are assembling for the opening of Parliament, a brilliant stream of light pours down on the upper stage where choir boys are singing the Kipling hymn "Non Nobis Domine." The final verses are taken up by all the 2,000 performers

WINGS over LONDON

New Types at the R.A.F. Display

A NOTABLE INNOVATION: This Westland Fighter, which was shown for the first time at Hendon last week, marks another step forward towards the aircraft designer's aim of making a central engine-room in which mechanics can attend to the power units and effect repairs while a machine is in fligh'. In this biplane the Goshawk engine is fitted in a compartment in the centre of the fuselage, a shaft connecting it with the airscrew which is in the normal position. The cockpit is set in front of the wings, thus affording the pilot an uninterrupted view

THE FASTEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD: This Hawker 'plane, with its Rolls-Royce Goshawk engine and streamlined fuselage, is said to be capable of outflying and outclimbing any military aircraft of any other nation

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RE-FUELLING IN THE AIR: A Wapiti being supplied with petrol by a giant Virginia bomber, a feat which demands great nerve and accuracy. This system, which has been extensively employed in the United States in the making of endurance records, is also of the greatest value in countries where aerodromes are few and far between

ANT NECK: craning — a any aerial y

A MONSTER OF NOVEL DESIGN: The new Short monoplane which made its debut at Hendon last week when taking part in the fly-past of flying boats. Its unusual bird-like construction has attracted much attention

NEWLY DISCOVERED NATIVES of CENTRAL NEW GUINEA

A VILLAGE CHIEFTAIN: This native, who comes from the hitherto unexplored country in Central New Guinea, is wearing cowrie shells, the most treasured ornaments in the district. When this picture was taken he was delivering an oration on the wonders of the white man's mode of travel

PEOPLE OF THE BENA BENA TRIBE: Living, as they do, in grass land the plots, with cleverly constructed drains in between, represent a high of this picture can be see the

STILL LIVING IN THE STONE AGE: These people, who are very different from the other inhabitants of New Guinea, and who number in all about 200,000, inhabit a vast grass-covered plateau varying between 5,000 and 6,000 ft. above sea level and in the neighbourhood of the Bismarck Mountains. Their weapons and agricultural implements are mostly made of sharpened stone

Picture by N. Penglase

THE MEN WHO TOOK PART IN ONE OF THE RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHTS which were carried out in order to secure preliminary data preparatory to despatching land patrols to penetrate the new areas and establish friendly contact with the inhabitants. Left to right—Mr. E. Taylor (a district officer), Dr. Sinclair (Medical Officer, Morobe District), Mr. E. W. P. Chinnery (Director of District Services and Native Affairs), and Mr. T. O'Dea (pilot)

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLATEAU

An Anthropological Problem in New Guinea

To the anthropologist New Guinea is one of the most interesting countries in the world to-day. This great island, most of the central portion of which is still a terra incognita, is inhabited by many different types including the Papuan, the Negrito, the Eastern Polynesian, and the Malay. The mingling of these elements in different proportions has brought about much diversity in the appearance, speech, and customs of the natives. It is not surprising, therefore, that recent reconnaissance flights over the great central plateau have resulted in the discovery of a new people. Paradoxically they are warlike by nature and yet disposed to be friendly towards Europeans, also they are skilled agriculturists and yet still use implements of stone. Their strange customs and practices, some of which are unique, are setting anthropologists a most interesting problem. Where did they learn, for instance, how to cultivate the land so efficiently? What is the origin of the barbarous cane-swallowing ritual? Who taught them to make whistles of clay? Whence came the primitive gold-mining implements found on the plateau? These and a host of other questions still remain to be answered. It may be that centuries ago some civilization passed this way and left its mark. At the moment, however, nothing is certain. Alluvial gold has been found on the plateau, and an attempt is now being made to develop the country. Missions are also being established

Special Pictures Taken During Aerial Reconnaissance Flights in a Hitherto Unexplored Portion of the Island

they are compelled by nature to cultivate the ground. Their neat highest form of agriculture practised in New Guinea. In the background the Bismarck Mountains

WATCHING THE WHITE INVADERS:- A Bena Bena chieftain with vegetable ornaments suspended from his shoulders. The native inhabitants of the plateau differ from each other in certain respects, but at the same time belong to a distinct type which has never before been found in New Guinea

CAUTIOUS BUT CURIOUS: Some of the Purari natives who came to see the visiting white men. Although formidable fighters, and constantly at war with one another, they are disposed, in spite of a natural suspicion, to be friendly with Europeans

A WEIRD AND UNIQUE CUSTOM: A native performing the cane-swallowing ritual which, according to a correspondent of "The Sphere," is unknown in any other part of the world. The bent end of the cane is forced down the throat until it reaches the stomach, the other natives meanwhile singing songs connected with the ritual

TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST: A Purari native playing a bamboo jaw harp. Note the netted bag in which he stores his valuables and the woven bands on his wrists, which are partly ornamental and partly a protection against the re-bound of his bow-string

A FLORENTINE ENGRAVING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY which has been purchased for £300 by the National Art-Collections Fund and presented to the British Museum. It was found in an album of miscellaneous prints in an English private collection

Florentine and Grecian Art

An Allegory of Life and Death

The engraving reproduced on the left of this page, a description of which appears in the thirtieth annual report of the National Art-Collections Fund, is Florentine in manner and probably dates from the third quarter of the fifteenth century. It is an allegory on love and death, showing a gallant and his mistress with a figure of death carrying a coffin. The four lines of verse in the scroll are a little obscure, but their meaning is probably somewhat as follows : "Neither graces, nor honours, nor state, nor riches, nor knowledge will avail against my fierce desire ; perchance in you all delight will break." Mr. Arundell Esdaile, Secretary of the British Museum, offers the following version :—

Not all your favour, honour, pride,
State, riches, learning, aught avail
That my stern will be set aside ;
Haply all your delights shall fail.

Sculpture Reproduced

For the first time the Greek Ministry of Public Instruction has allowed mouldings to be made of the ancient sculptures in the Acropolis at Athens. Previously it was feared that the method of doing this would destroy the fragile material and the delicacy of the colours, but thanks to a process involving the use of fine gelatine, Madame Chevallier-Verel, of the Louvre, and M. Louis Carré have obtained successful results without marring the originals. These plaster reproductions, which are now being exhibited in Paris and which may shortly be seen in London, are said to be perfect both in form and colouring. They appear to be quite unaffected by changes of temperature. *(See pictures below)*

FAITHFUL REPRODUCTIONS OF GRECIAN MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE which are now being shown at an exhibition in Paris. *Left*—A peasant type, the work of an Attic artist of the second half of the seventh century B.C. *Centre*—One of the Ephebi. These were Athenian youths between the ages of eighteen and twenty who were trained to military duties and maintained at the public cost. In a later period, courses in literature, rhetoric, and philosophy replaced the military instruction. *Right*—A marble statue in the Ionian style of the sixth century B.C.

PLYMOUTH

Trips in the "Golden Hind" during Navy Week

The Monks of St. Benedict's Abbey go Fishing

LOCH NESS

"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY": The monks of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, out for a day's fishing in the waters of Loch Ness. It is evident from the size of their nets that they are in search of the smaller fry of the loch

"THE KEEL THAT CUT ITS FURROW THROUGH THE SEAS OF THE ROUND WORLD": The replica of the *Golden Hind*, the famous vessel in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe, which was launched a few days ago by Lady Fullerton. It will sail in the Prince of Wales' Basin during Navy Week at Plymouth, and visitors will be invited to take trips in it. The original *Golden Hind* was a vessel of a hundred tons with an armament of eighteen guns. After Drake's return Queen Elizabeth gave orders for its preservation, but within a hundred years it had so decayed that it had to be broken up. The model is exactly half the size of the original, and is based on a drawing of a sixteenth-century ship in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge

SHOOTING STARS: Victor Saville, who is directing the new Gaumont-British film, *Evensong*, discussing the morning's work with his cameraman, Mutz Greenbaum. This is one of the latest types of camera

PLAYS AND FIL

"Men in White"—a Play that Deserves a Long Run: "Juno and the Paycock" Successfully Revived at the Embassy: Constance Bennett Consistently Given Parts Unworthy of Her Talents: Ballet at Covent Garden

IN HOLDING a post-mortem on a medical play—hardly an exact expression, this, since *Men in White* is likely to be very much alive at the Lyric Theatre for many months—the layman is handicapped by his ignorance of professional details and his tendency in consequence to be impressed by them out of all proportion to their dramatic value. That, however, makes for success.

If this play has a long run—and I venture to think that it will—it will be largely due to what is already being widely alluded to as "the great operation scene."

Yet, apart from its trappings—white-masked and white-robed surgeons and students, rubber gloves, much washing in antiseptics, swift and silent nurses handing towels with polished tongs—the scene amounted to very little. By a merciful dispensation to the squeamish we did not see the actual operation, and the curtain fell before the lancets and things were wielded. The situation was "powerful" enough. A young surgeon was to assist at an operation on a nurse he had seduced, and the operation was to be performed in the presence of his fiancée. Little was made by that situation, and Miss Jill Esmond played the fiancée as if she had dropped into a pleasant tea-party, which was partly the fault of the author, who had given her an unsympathetic and rather sketchy part, though not entirely.

In short, it was the paraphernalia not the play that won the race, and that, I think, applies to most of *Men in White*. It is enormously professional. That is an asset, for people are interested in ailments and doctors and they love a peep behind the scenes.

Here is probably the longest and most authentic peep they have ever had. Other medical plays in plenty have used doctors as heroes or villains as the case may be. *Living Dangerously*, now running at the Strand, uses them as both. Bernard Shaw in *The Doctor's Dilemma* poked a lot of fun at them. But even Shaw, though he was serious at times and treated us to a few technical details, joined the other dramatists in putting the soft pedal on the professional and strictly medical aspect of his doctors.

At the Lyric realism is extended even to the matter of the odours, for the smell of iodoform wafted across the stalls and evoked memories in some of us.

This is a new way of getting a play over. Mr. C. B. Cochran used the auditorium visually and architecturally when he turned the boxes of the Lyceum into a near-cathedral for *The Miracle*, and allowed the stalls to be used as part of the stage, so that the late-comers bumped into nuns and one could prod a tonsured priest with the butt-end of a cigar. Plenty of people, including, of course, Herr Reinhardt, like this sort of thing.

I find it a muddle—and, like most theatre goers, I dislike muddles—and any infringement of the old rule that the footlights constitute a rigid barrier between a play and the work-a-day world, a barrier which should never be broken or even bent.

But if various scents are to be pumped across the footlights to illustrate the happenings to which they are appropriate, developments are likely to be awkward. Odoriferous realism had better be avoided.

Most of these stage doctors, nurses, etc., act uncommonly well. The bulk of the burden falls on Mr. Robert Douglas and George Ferguson, a young surgeon who will be, we are assured, a great man one day if he does not weaken.

He shows signs of weakening when he takes a few hours off from the hospital, where he is terribly overworked, to spend them with the imperious and unsympathetic young woman to whom he is engaged. She wanted that time "to rehearse our wedding"—one of the American touches which have not been eliminated; we do not, as far as I know, rehearse weddings in England.

An improbable trick, though the play gains in strength by it, is that this young woman is ordered by a famous doctor, who is an old friend of the family, to stand by during an operation her young man is performing; by this means it is hoped to cure her of her imperiousness and to make her realize what a noble profession is that in which her future husband has embarked. Briefly, the old man's idea is to "larn her." That minor operation might have been successful at the expense of the major one. If ever I have to be cut about I shall do my utmost to see that the man who does the cutting is not accompanied by a girl friend.

In this case the girl, as I have indicated, created no excitement. The operation was successful, and, of course, the patient died.

If *Men in White* has its untidy corners and some situations which do not ring true, I trust I have made it plain in this somewhat elaborate dissection, that it is a play which is thoroughly well worth going to see.

It carries a sincere message, and it must surely convince such spectators as need to be convinced that, much as doctors are criticized, there is among them a noble ambition to pursue medical knowledge for its own sake and for the sake of humanity, and to put their profession even before domestic happiness. Not, of course, an invariable rule; but we may conclude that it is a general one. And we can rejoice that it is so.

For a straight play the cast is a formidable one, over twenty people taking part.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A PRIMA DONNA: Evelyn Laye in a scene in the film version of Beverley Nichols's novel now being made at Shepherd's Bush. The story is popularly supposed to be based on life

Peasant Acting.—"Folk" activities—folk-song, folk-dancing, etc.—have acquired, owing to

MS OF TO-DAY

By Philip Page

the intensive application of intense people who have about as little to do with real folk-traditions as Folkestone has, a somewhat stuffy and arty-and-crafty flavour. But the genuine thing is usually good, and when it is good it is very good indeed.

The Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, for instance, are of peasant stock and with the right material are superb. Sean O'Casey's play, *Juno and the Paycock*, now most successfully revived at the Embassy Theatre is a mighty, tragedy.

It excels because of its grim realism and because the author is sure of his ground; in his recent *Within the Gates*, which I venture to dub both boring and pretentious, he ran away into symbolism and goodness-knows-what else, and the result was a muddle, though some of the faithful will doubtless continue to proclaim this an unappreciated masterpiece. There are few finer players than Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Miss Sara Allgood and her sister, Miss O'Neill (who is now playing Juno). They have to be given material that suits them; but when they get it they are unapproachably fine.

The Ohel players are also peasants who come not from Ireland but from Palestine. They are, I am told, hewers of wood and drawers of water, though for a month before they reached the Scala Theatre they had been drawing something rather more profitable in Paris, which had flocked to see them. One of the actors is a hewer of meat, for he is a butcher; the best of them all. Mr. Z. Barban is a layer of bricks.

I went to *Jeremiah*, a translation of Stefan Zweig's drama into Hebrew, of which I know not a syllable, prepared to be both bewildered and bored. I was bewildered by the beauty of the play and of the production, and by the force and splendid artistry of the acting. Not for one moment was I bored.

Which proves quite a lot of things; one being that language on the stage can in certain circumstances be quite unintelligible without affecting one's appreciation of the play. I have seen plays in Chinese and also the No players from Japan, who visited London a year or two ago, when the unfamiliar language was in itself an obstacle for the reason that to Western ears it sounded quaint and jerky and squeaky—if I may be absolved from any intention to insult great and historic peoples.

Spoken Hebrew, on the other hand, is, of course, gibberish for those who do not understand it; but it is not quaint and has about it no oddity to distract the attention from more important matters. It seemed to my uninitiated ears an impressive, noble, and essentially euphonious tongue. Often the sentences had an intrinsic musical value, and some of them were actually sung, or partly sung, as a form of semi-religious ritual after the fashion of the chorus in the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus.

Yet neither *Jeremiah* nor the method in which it was treated was coldly classical. Jewish emotionalism, here expressed in terms of histrionic art at its highest, saw to that. The story of the fall of Jerusalem, the warnings and sufferings of the old prophet, the "terror and pity" of the weakling, King Zedekiah, make a full-blooded human drama. These Ohel peasants have genius and, irrespective of race, creed, and language, can give those sincerely interested in the art of the theatre a memorable evening. Which makes me pretty sure that never again will they go a-peasanting.

uccessful play, *Evensong*, which is ife of Melba

THRILLING REALISM AT THE LYRIC: The operation scene in *Men in White*, a drama of medical life by Sidney Kingsley which has come to London after a successful run in New York

The Case of Constance Bennett.—The gods seem to give Miss Constance Bennett everything except good pictures. The world's most famous blonde has youth, millions of dollars, first-rate health, beauty second to none, and a third husband duly provided with that envied possession, a title.

But not for a long time has she been provided with material worthy of her talents; for I have omitted another and important asset—she can act extremely well. Her last film was some nonsense which caused her to be thrown out of a barge into a muddy river and to be shown as the owner of loose morals and a heart of gold. In *Moulin Rouge*, which has just been released, she has to be what Hollywood imagines is a girl of Montmartre, and this being the film-world, she is, of course, a decent sort with a flashy exterior. So tired am I of seeing Miss Bennett as a *demi-mondaine* with a good heart, that I long to see her as a *mondaine* with a bad one.

She does what she can with a film in which I strove in vain to find any virtues, artistic or mechanical. The story is obvious and silly. This is, one reads on the programme, a Darry L. F. Zanuck production, presented by Joseph M. Schenck, on which it is impossible to congratulate either Mr. Zanuck or Mr. Schenck. But if I were to be told that Mr. Schenck or Mr. Zanuck had engaged to write the story of a cretinous youth whose experience of the Rue Fontaine and thereabouts had been limited to a couple of hours in a hazy condition during a first visit to Paris, I would not be in the least surprised. The atmosphere does not resemble the gay Montmartre of the public's dreams so much as a third-class waiting-room at Clapham Junction on a wet Sunday afternoon in November.

But *Moulin Rouge* is officially labelled "a spectacular romance of song and laughter"; and who am I to question what Messrs. Schenck and Zanuck advertise as a fact?

Russian Ballet.—Important revivals have added to the interest of the phenomenally popular Russian Ballet scene at Covent Garden. *Petrouchka* and *L'Oiseau de Feu* have rejoined the list, the latter after a considerable time on the shelf. These two ballets contain the best music Stravinsky has ever written, and since the former was last danced in London the composer has revised the score. Whatever has happened to it, it is no less bizarre or complicated. M. Massine dances the title-rôle, originally written for poor Nijinsky, and Mlle. Riabouchinska was the essence of heartless grace as the cruel dancing doll who broke his sawdust heart. *Petrouchka* is by far the best of all the ballets about dolls—and, ye gods, how many of them there are!

Some novelties are on the way, but they are rather a long time about it.

BALLET: This type of entertainment, which was so popular at the Alhambra last year, is again a feature of the London Season. This is a scene from Ravels' *Bolero*, which is shortly to be presented at the Coliseum

THE MILITARY EXPLOITS OF LITERARY GENIUSES are recounted in *Authors-at-Arms*—a new book by C. P. Hawkes which has just been published by Macmillan's. *Left*—Sir Walter Scott as a Quartermaster in the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons. *Centre*—Edward Gibbon as a Captain in the Hampshire Grenadiers. *Right*—Lord Byron as a Brigade-Commander in the Greek Army of Independence

The World of Books

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

The second volume of the letters which the late Lord Oxford and Asquith wrote to his friend, Mrs. Harisson, is a book to which we may take an eager anticipation, since the period (1922–1927) covers the inception of the first Labour Government, and his was the decision that made possible that which at the time was not inevitable. During the same five years Asquith was defeated at Paisley, the General Strike occurred, the Liberal Party was more than ever torn by bitter dissensions, headed for the near-oblivion which ultimately overtook it, and Asquith retired to the House of Lords, a place for which he had never troubled to hide his contempt.

Nor did he change his mind about the Upper Chamber after he had become a member and a noble earl. "It is an impossible audience," he says, and goes on to quote Lowe who, fifty years ago, said it was like "speaking by torchlight to corpses in a charnel-house."

This view is perhaps not surprising in one who fought and won the issue of the Parliament Act, and reduced the Lords to the level of little more than a debating chamber, but it also disturbs a popular legend to the effect that it is the "best in the world."

Yet other Liberal statesmen shared his views, for I once heard Mr. Birrell (who more than once refused a peerage) say that he was glad he had been spared that atmosphere of embalmed ninnies and nincompoops.

Yet in spite of the excitement of the times, there are few political references in **H.H.A.—LETTERS TO A FRIEND FROM LORD OXFORD** (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.), for the reason, one supposes, that the recipient was more interested in other things.

The book follows the line of the first volume; there is the same measure of family gossip, cursory judgments on books and plays, and day-to-day observations which reveal the man more than the statesman.

Asquith's power of complete detachment was always a formidable trait in his character, and it is nowhere better emphasized than in this book where one reads letters which must have been written in hours of considerable stress yet which betray not a sign of it.

Through these letters we come to something of an understanding of a man who enjoyed the resources of a deep culture, of a clear mind masquerading indolence; a man who baffled and infuriated his enemies, yet who inspired the best kind of loyalty in his friends.

I am glad that he has told the story of how the King himself offered him his earldom.

The elasticity of the novel as a form must be more than apparent to the naked eye of one viewing the pile of books on my table at this moment. Though I do not applaud the sentiment, I begin to understand a famous writer who said he chose to write a novel because in it "I can do any damn thing I please."

Certainly, some of the things novelists choose to do nowadays would have started a row, even five years ago. There is the tough gutter-argot of the American school, the paraded unreticences of the disciples of Lady Chatterly, and the carefully catalogued neurosis of a certain type of Continental literature. Contrast these with a novel in a classical tempo from a master of form and urbanity such as, shall I say, Colonel John Buchan, and we may see how far the average novel reader must travel to-day, taking the rough with the smooth.

The roughest, toughest novel by far in to-day's list is **JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT**, by Louis Ferdinand Celine (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.). We are informed that the book has sold over a quarter of a million copies abroad. Why? If there is genius here it is of a kind that has an infinite capacity for raking drains. Consumed by a great loathing for everything in life, the author seeks, parades, and with introspective zest sets forth what he finds in the hell-spots of the world. The result is a violent and hideous nightmare on a note of sustained and sordid brutality.

Too often does plain beastliness masquerade as great art. This book is neither great, nor art. It will probably sell, but for reasons that are a million miles removed from literary taste.

We step into the fresh air and bright sunlight of a pleasant Scottish scene with Colonel John Buchan in **THE FREE FISHERS** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). I must confess to being a Buchan enthusiast, and as such, I suppose, not competent to criticize his work. But here, in any case, is a Scottish story, told with great gusto, of the honourable company of Free Fishers of more than a hundred years ago.

Perhaps it has a certain heaviness and discursiveness that none of John Buchan's earlier books had, but it is for all that a rattling good tale and an exciting one into the bargain. Those, adventurously speaking, were the days.

Miss Rose Macaulay says of her new novel that it is one "of unredeemed levity." That, as far as it goes, is true. But it is also one of flashing wit and alarmingly clear perception. Let me plunge straight into an example. The subject is the so-called Oxford group.

"Oxford group, that is what they are called."

"Oh, they're Oxford groups, are they?"

"Miss Aubrey, being Cambridge, was one of those who liked this name for them."

The Basque coast, which is the scene of **GOING ABROAD** (Collins. 7s. 6d.), teemed, in this particular summer, with aggressively friendly Christians, jollying people along, as it were, towards the Light. The converts to this remarkably muscular movement include a young girl with a head of Byronic loveliness, a beauty parlour quack, and two of the local players of pelota, who join more from motives of courtesy than from any desire to be changed.

Real wit does not always go with a sense of fun. Miss Rose Macaulay's gift of wit is of a rare and superb quality; but she has also a sense of fun that sets one chuckling along through page after page of her story. I know of only one other writer living to-day who also has this gift, and that is "Elizabeth." And I also know that Miss Macaulay will appreciate the compliment of the comparison.

There is a kind of exhilarating fillip about a good short story; perhaps because good short stories are such a pleasant surprise.

Miss G. B. Stern has made a collection of which the title, **PELICAN WALKING** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) has an amusing derivation. There is, apparently, a Nigerian pelican who, "when walking places one foot firmly on top of the other—and then turns round and tries to bite, under the impression that someone is holding him back."

Miss Stern's idea seems to be that so many people have an affinity to that pelican that they will recognise the theme of the stories in this book. I agree with the blurb writer that *Sanctuary* is the best of the collection, but I wish that novelists as good as G. B. Stern wouldn't make books of stories which should be left in magazines, with their nice illustrations.

THE CHINESE ORANGE MYSTERY (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is a mystery as *is* a mystery. Ellery Queen, the American author, has a great reputation in his own country, and very rightly. He writes biographically and intensely:—

"I don't know," said the detective in a hushed voice.

"Nor do I," said Ellery from behind clenched teeth, "yet."

That is the kind of professional terseness I want in a detective novel. And that, from Ellery Queen, is what I get.

VIA PANAMA (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is more than just another book about an ocean liner and its peculiar passengers. It is an exceptionally well-written novel, and it has a verve and a sprightliness that carry the reader light-heartedly along with the story.

Miss Jepson has the authentic novelist's touch and she has written an unusually mature first novel.

I suppose it is legitimate that the writer of an historical novel may take his own historical bias to the formation of his story. Hannibal is the villain of Mr. Francis Gerard's piece in **THE SCARLET BEAST** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.), Carthage is a sink of the awfullest iniquities, and Hannibal's famous army a collection of licentious mercenaries who indulged in orgies of looting, burning, and rape, and who used every form of treachery and foul offence on their campaign.

The heroes are Marcus, a Roman; Allucius, a Spaniard; Seronic, a Gaul; and Xanthites, a Greek. Marcus loses his wife and sees his baby slaughtered in the sack of Saguntum, is captured and sold into slavery, into the service of Hannibal's sister. This good lady becomes incensed because he will not respond to her advances. And so on, up to the point of Hannibal's defeat, in which, of course, Marcus plays a glorious part.

"To the day when the Reaper closed his eyes in death Marcus never forgot that first vision of his wife."

That is a fair example of the style.

The Countess of Norbury has written a pleasant travel book, slightly overweighted with capitals, about Norway, Sweden, and the Hebridean islands and has illustrated it with her own water colours. It is called **SUMMERS OF YESTERDAY** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), and appropriately enough it does contain a kind of pre-War charm very rare in these staccato days.

The ballet season is now in full swing and to the enthusiasts I would recommend Mr. Adrian Stokes' **TO-NIGHT THE BALLET** (Faber and Faber. 3s. 6d.). His touchstone is the company now performing at Covent Garden and he says, "With the exception of the ballets at Moscow and Copenhagen, I doubt whether there are other companies to-day which we could put beside the Russian ballets that we know."

For Moscow, at least, I can answer that the comparison does not exist.

I like Mr. Stokes' fresh and original outlook, and the dash of common sense in his critical observations; his book is delightfully free from the technical clap-trap which too often weighs down this kind of work.

It is an opportune moment, also, for a new edition of M. D. Calvocoressi's **MUSIC AND BALLET** (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), at a popular price. M. Calvocoressi was associated with Diaghileff for many years, and has much to say that is valuable on the history of the building up of the Russian Ballet into its international importance. He is also a famous music critic, and his book is alive with reminiscences of all the famous musicians and dancers of his day. He was also an intimate friend of Arnold Bennett.

On page 44 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

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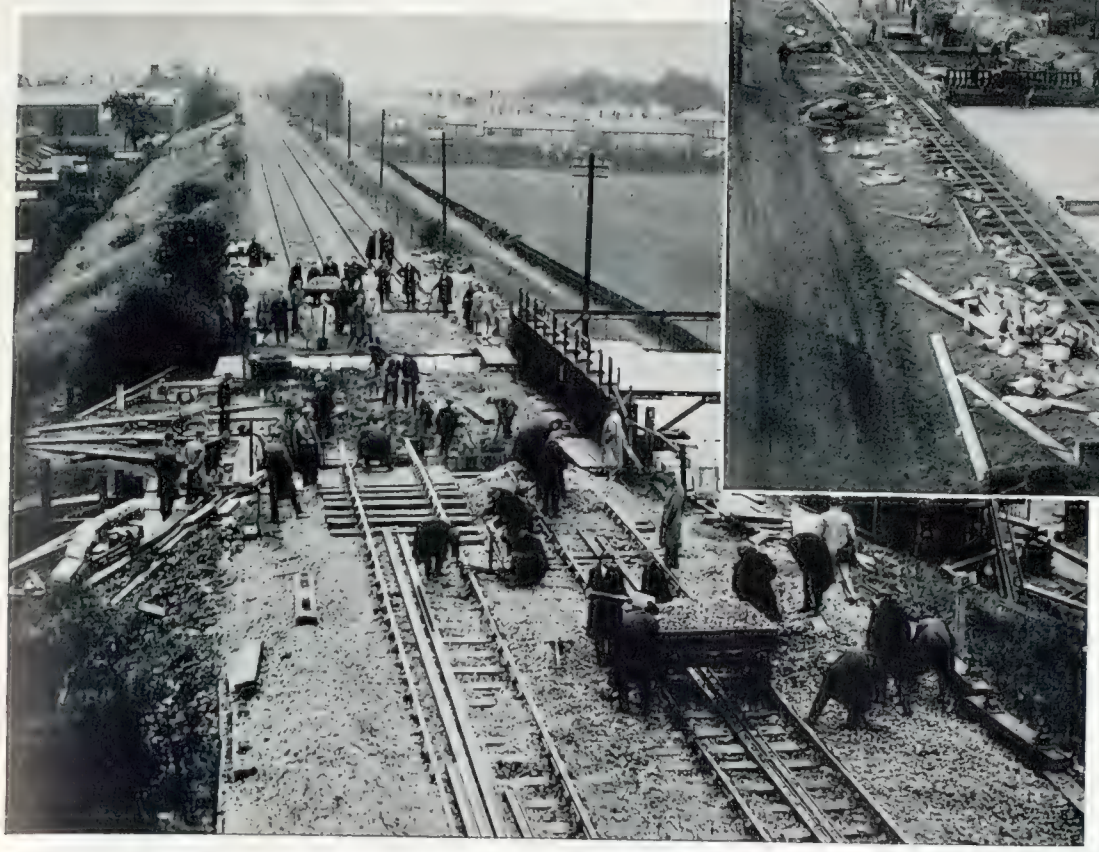


HUSTLE: In order not to delay the regular services, this new 160-ton bridge on the L.M.S. line at School Lane, near Manchester, was built by the side of the track and then rolled on ball-bearings into position in one night. Trains were using the line early on the following morning

HIGH SPEED ROADBUILDING: This machine, which travels on rails and which is now being largely used in Denmark, is capable of laying over 100 yards of cement roadway in a day. This view was taken on the main road between Copenhagen and Koge

ONE MAN CAN OPERATE IT: A 250-h.p. Diesel-electric shunting engine which has recently been introduced by the L.M.S. Railway. On the left is the old steam type

PIERCING THE HEART OF COMMERCIAL NEW YORK: The New York Central Railroad has spent over £20,000,000 in building this line above the city streets, thus doing away with about 105 dangerous level crossings

AN APPROPRIATE RESTING PLACE: This elephant, while on its way to Guy's Hospital to appear in a charity fête, decided to rest in the middle of a five-way crossing at the Elephant and Castle. A crowd quickly gathered and traffic was held up while the great beast recuperated

STREAMLINED FOR SPEED: A double-decker 'bus, which was recently tried out on the motor racing track at Avus, and which will be seen shortly on the streets of Berlin. Note the position of the driver's cab high above the bonnet

A LAND of MANY SPAS

Germany's Beautifully Situated Resorts with Facilities for Every Form of Sport and Recreation

IN THE BLACK FOREST: The little town of Badenweiler, which is noted for its sheltered situation, its mild but bracing climate, and its thermal springs. Its visitors include many sufferers from nervous, cardiac, and pulmonary ailments

A POPULAR BAVARIAN RESORT: A view of the Kurhaus and its lovely rose garden at Bad Kissingen. The town stands on the left bank of the Fränkische Saale

GERMANY is especially fortunate in possessing a large number of excellent spas, situated in many different parts of the country, and their popularity is due, largely, not only to the medicinal value of their springs, but to their æsthetic surroundings, with which the architectural features of the spa are designed to harmonize, and the careful manner in which the facilities for sport and recreation are utilized. The most is made of an open, sunny situation, of wooded land in the neighbourhood, of shelter from cold winds, and of easy access, and the result is a combination which is very attractive.

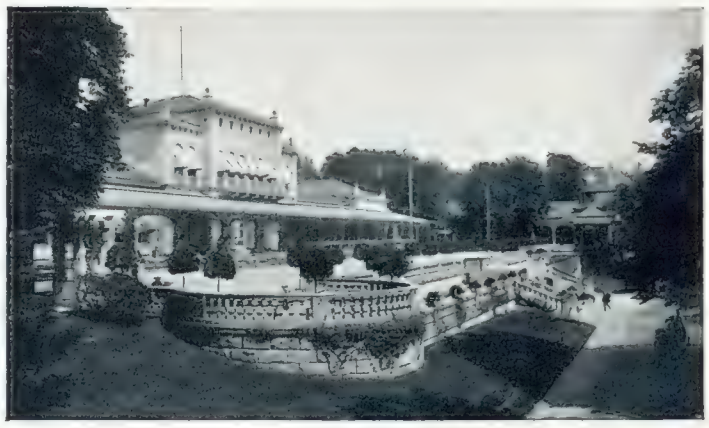
Among the spas which make a special appeal to the visitor from this country are Bad Homburg, Bad Nauheim, Bad Kissingen, Baden-Baden, Badenweiler, Bad Ems, Bad Nauenahr, and Bad Reichenhall. Homburg, the first of these, is most familiar to us here, for it was a spa that was most favoured by the late King Edward VII, and it was owing to his frequent visits that Homburg became so well patronized by people from this country. It is situated in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the Taunus Range, not far from Frankfurt-on-Main, and it is some 600 ft. up, where the gently sloping hills are covered with forest of beech and oak, and of fir and pine, and the air is very fresh and fragrant. Its fame as a spa rests upon its natural mineral springs, of which it has two kinds, cold sodium chloride springs, rich in carbonic acid, and chalybeate springs with a great deal of sodium chloride; the best known of these is the Elizabeth Brunnen spring, the waters of which were prescribed for King Edward.

Homburg Kurhaus was built by the Blanc Frères, who made Monte Carlo famous. The Kur Park is one of the largest in Germany, and the scene here during the summer season is a brilliant one, when the long sweeping lawns, planted with beds of brightly-coloured flowers and flanked by noble woods, are thronged with visitors from a score of countries.

Bad Nauheim, the Hessian spa and health resort, is also in the Taunus, amid very pleasant surroundings. It is extremely accessible, being situated, like Homburg, on one of the main arteries of traffic from North Germany to the south, and it has a magnificent Kurhaus in a delightful situation, with a beautiful terrace and park-like grounds of 800 acres and very attractive pump rooms. The seven drinking springs it owns are all radio-active, the general nature of the water being muriatic and chalybeate, and a special feature are its three hot carbonic acid springs, the water from which is pumped direct from the ground into certain baths. At Bad Kissingen, picturesquely situated in a sheltered valley on the Franconian Saale, protected from north and east winds by spurs of the Rhön Hills, and known for its healing springs since the sixteenth century, the waters have such a high percentage of carbonic acid that the mineral baths they provide are termed, popularly, "champagne baths"! It has a new "Kurhaus and Regentbau," which is considered to be one of the finest buildings of its kind ever erected, and in the Luitpold Park and the Ballinghain, which adjoins the luxuriantly wooded hills in the district, there is splendid scope for recreation. Kissingen is a charming old town with a quaint medieval market place and a thousand years of history.

In the beautiful region of the Black Forest are Baden-Baden and Badenweiler. Baden-Baden, astride the main railway lines Berlin-Rome and Paris-Vienna, is known the world over for its radio-active sodium chloride springs. It has a charming situation, in the valley of the little River Oos, the fast-flowing and clear waters of which run through the parks and gardens and along the streets of the town, over which the great hills of the forest, clothed with the tall dark fir trees which give it its name, stand sentinel. The Kurhaus is certainly one of the finest in Germany, a cable railway to the Merkur gives a glorious view, and as a centre for motor tours—to Titisee, Freiburg, St. Blasien, Triberg, Herrenhalb, and Freudenstadt—Baden-Baden is ideal, and this can be said also for Badenweiler, which has the advantage of height, lying on the north-western flank of the Hochblauen in the Black Forest, at an elevation of 1,476 ft.

(Continued on p. 44)



BAD NAUHEIM: The imposing Kurhaus and its terraces. This spa has seven radio-active springs and an Institute which was established in 1929 to aid scientific research into the causes of heart and vascular diseases

AT the SERVICE of our READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

SHIELDED FROM HARSH WINDS BY WOODED HILLS: A general view of Bad Reichenhall, a spa in the Bavarian highlands renowned for the purity of its air and wonderful scenery. It is also a winter sports centre

Dinner on the Terrace of The SUMMER SPORTING.

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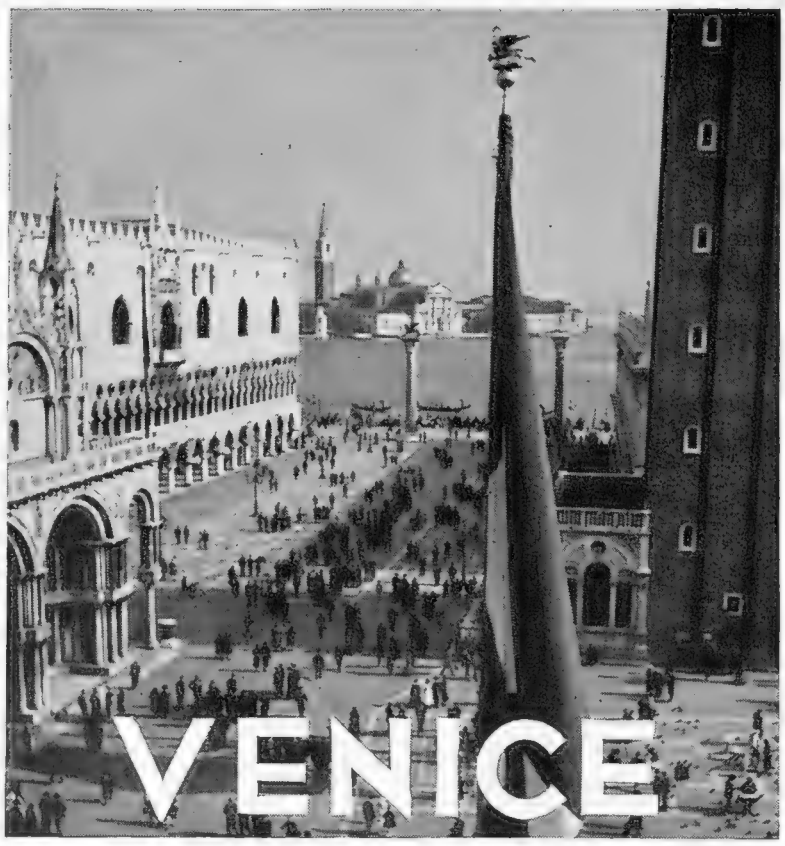

XIX. BIENNIAL ART EXHIBITION
MAY — OCTOBER

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TRAGEDY BY SHAKESPEARE

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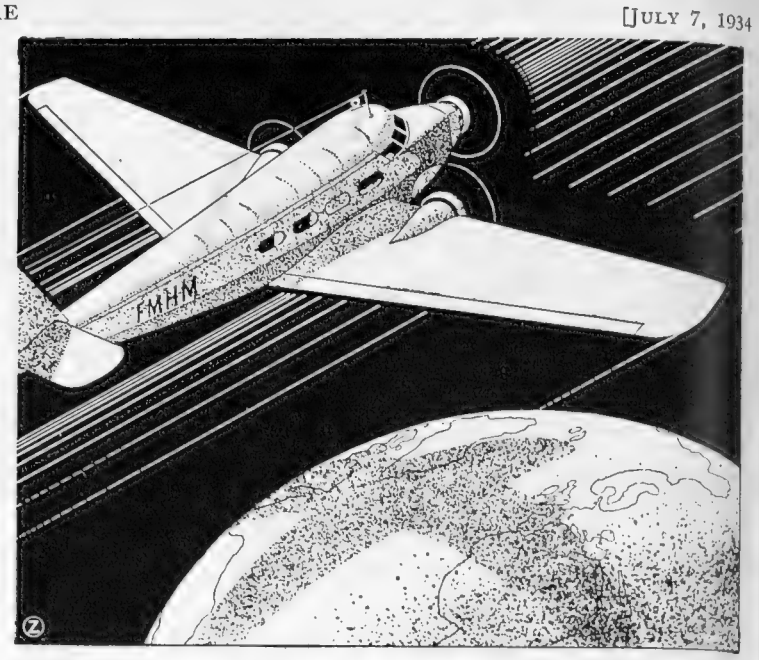

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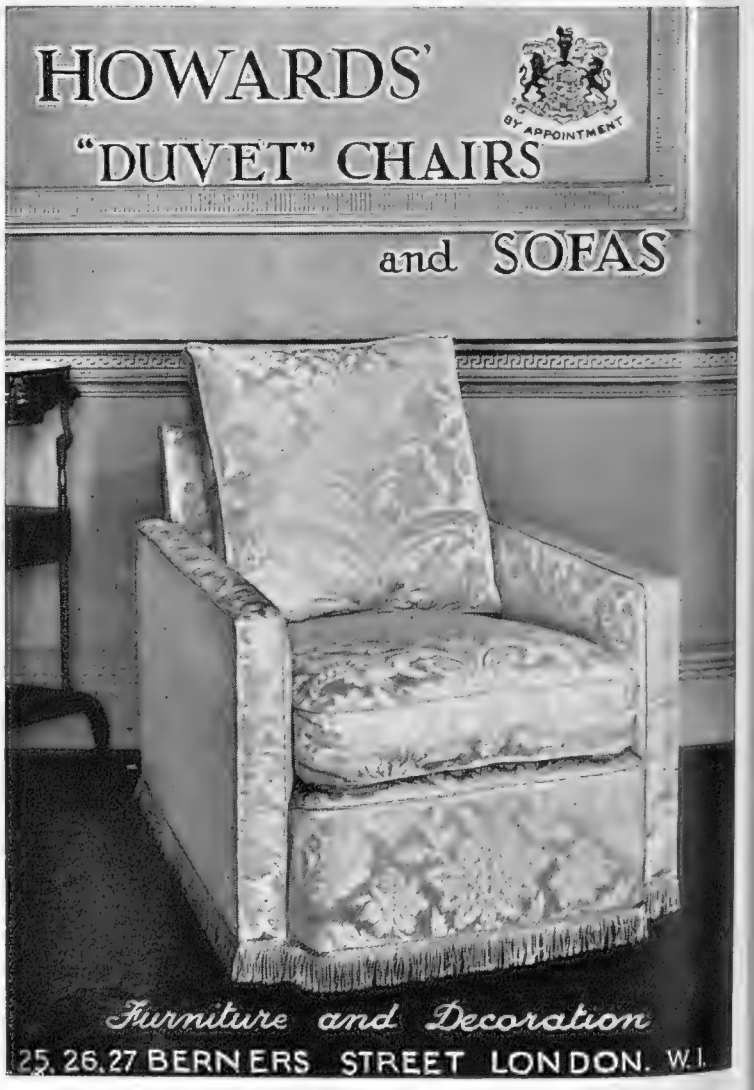


HOME MANAGEMENT
SECTION OF THE SPHERE

A Page of Monthly Features Compiled by Experts on All Points of Interior Decoration

"MODERN DECORATION FOR COUNTRY HOUSES"

By DEREK PATMORE

Author of "Colour Schemes for the Modern Home," "Modern Furnishing and Decoration," etc.

MANY PEOPLE believe that modern decoration is only suitable for town-dwellers. They cannot imagine the modern conception of lighting, furnishing, and window treatments, fitting in at all with the simple setting of the countryside.

Yet some of the most striking and effective of modern houses have been built in the country. The new style of decoration is eminently suitable for the countryside, for by means of its simplicity and elimination it gives added emphasis to the natural beauty around the house. For instance, one of the disadvantages of an old oak-beamed cottage is that, despite the undoubted charm of its setting, the rooms in such a cottage are usually rather dark and ill-lit, and the windows are always far too small. Whereas in the modern country living-room a whole wall will be devoted to one large window which will not only fill the room with light even on the darkest of days, but also provide the occupants of the room with a superb view of the surrounding trees and countryside.

Modern schemes of decoration are usually clean and fresh, and this is another reason why they harmonize so well with the vivid colouring and ever-changing tones of the countryside.

If you are proposing to redecorate one of the rooms in your country house attention should be paid to the colour scheme chosen. The most suitable colours for this purpose are light shades such as apple-green, yellow, beige, cream and white. The walls should be left as plain as possible, forming an effective background for fabrics and furniture.

There is a theory that a country house demands old furniture, and as in many cases such houses are usually furnished with antiques, there is no need to abandon such an idea provided you own the old furniture. However, if you upholster your old furniture in modern fabrics, you will provide a new note to the whole decoration of the house without destroying its charm and harmony. The newest furnishing linens look very well in a country room, and they have the advantage of wearing very well. Old Bleach Linen make a number of plain coloured linens for this purpose, and some of Donald Bros.' mixed woven fabrics in neutral colours such as biscuit and stone colour would look well in a room painted a light green or yellow.

Then there are innumerable attractive chintzes. These wear extraordinarily well, do not collect dust, and with their gay floral designs seem ideal for the country. Chintzes also have the great advantage of being inexpensive and in the case of a large country house where there are many windows to be hung with curtains this point becomes an important consideration.

Simple low square-shaped modern furniture or the new Finnish wooden furniture are both very suitable for the country room as they are inexpensive and will survive rough wear.

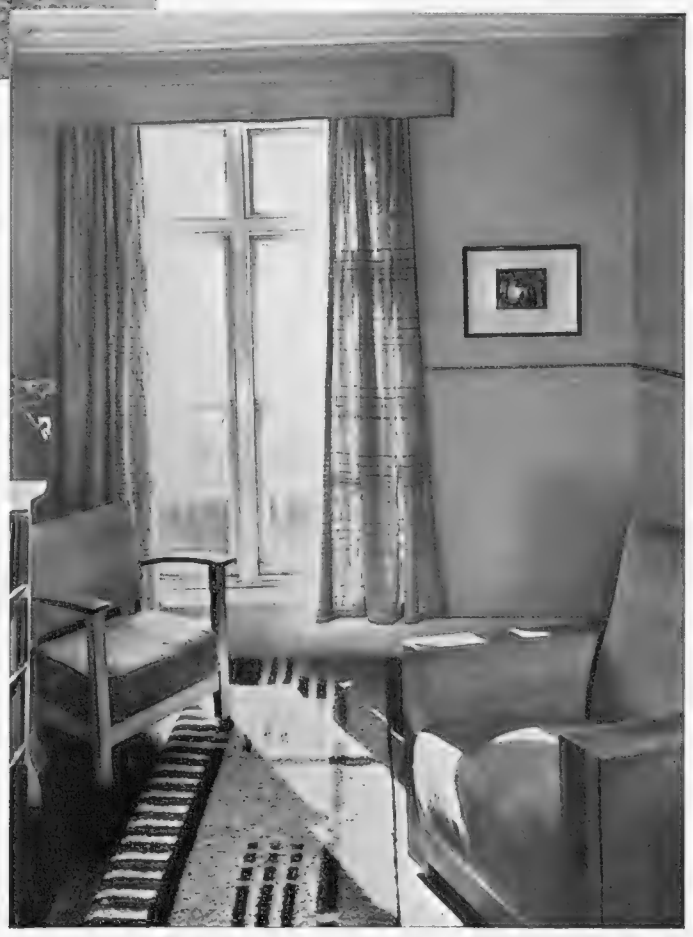
There is a new rush carpet made out of dyed rushes, which is ideal for the country cottage and can be obtained in all the principal colours. It is easily cleaned and is inexpensive.

Miracles can be achieved by cleverly chosen colour schemes. Try and break away from conventional colour formulas.

I recently saw a country house designed by a famous architect where, in one of the bedrooms, the walls and ceiling had been left with their rough plaster and painted white, whilst the woodwork, door and carpet were done in brilliant pillar-box red.

A very dignified entrance hall in a country house, with a wrought-iron balustrade thrown into high relief by the cream and white stone walls. This treatment was designed by Mr. H. McH. Scales of "Italia House"

A variation of the traditional country house dining-room is seen in this Italian room which has also been created by Mr. H. McH. Scales. The simple panelled walls form a perfect background for the finely carved old Italian furniture, pottery, and coloured Venetian glass



In the modern country house large windows fill the rooms with light. This one is curtained in rough linen crash and the upholstery of the chairs takes up the same tones of beige, rust, and primrose. Both are old Glamis fabrics by Donald Brothers, Limited

REPLENISHING the LINEN SHELVES

Some Worth-While Bargains in the London Shops

By WINIFRED LEWIS

AS HOUSEKEEPERS we certainly have it all over our grandmothers; but there are touches of charm associated with their methods which one misses in the modern race for efficiency.

Pictures of our female ancestors fussing over the home-made wines are as delicious as the thought of their linen presses, richly stocked and faintly exuding the perfume of lavender. I for one get a sentimental thrill from the thought and, what is more, I am disinclined to repress it, aware, though I may be, of the practical futility of hoarding.

Yes, something has departed with the lavender-scented sheets, though coloured bed-linen has its charms. Every natural woman has sometimes heaved a regretful sigh for the old "linen cupboard" that really justified its name. For piles of snowy sheets—enough for a lifetime; mountains of sheeny damask, rich as brocade and worthy of the ponderous silver and ceremonial gravity it accompanied to table.

Well, we are more frivolous nowadays, though, goodness knows, I saw a hand-embroidered cloth at Robinson and Cleavers this week capable of setting a whole line of female ancestors swooning with awe. I have had it photographed for this page. It was £50 and now is £25. What an heirloom piece for somebody's linen shelves!

But to be strictly practical, there are some genuine bargains for modern linen cupboards in the sales just now, so if you want to satisfy a secret hankering to emulate your grandmother's hoard, you have the chance to do it at prices which cannot be far from the level at which the good lady herself would have signified approval.

Hamptons, for instance, have luncheon cloths in a good quality natural shade of Irish linen, beautifully hand-embroidered for 30s. They measure 2 yards by $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and have embroidered napkins to match at 5s. for six. I cannot believe that this value has been bettered for many years past.

Rich double damask cloths figure in the same sale, size 72 ins. by 90 ins., reduced from 25s. to 12s. 6d. Size 72 ins. by 72 ins. are reduced from 19s. 11d. to 10s. Napkins from 25s. 6d. doz. to 12s. 9d. Damask cloths are definitely returning to favour again and it will pay not to overlook these.

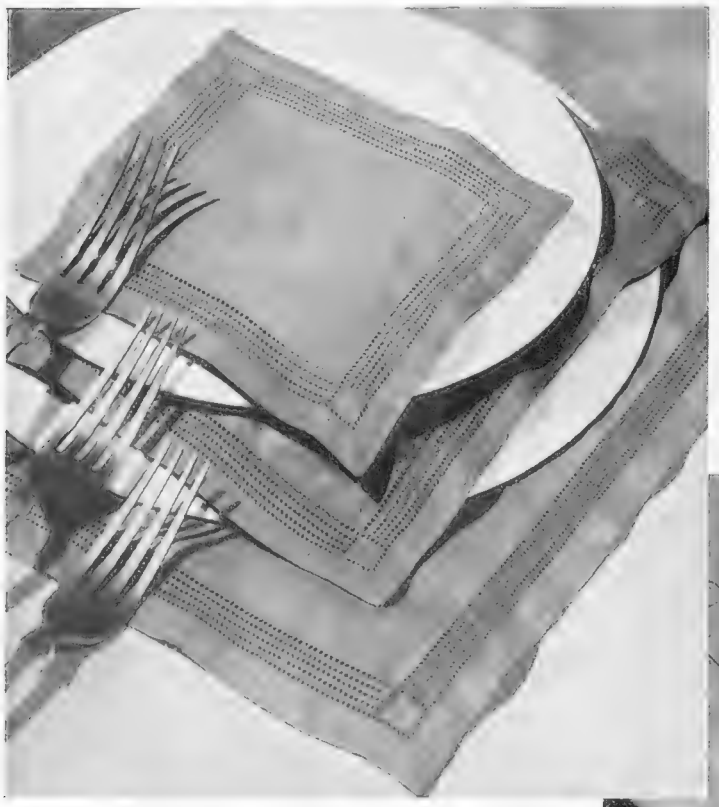
Prices like this make it really practical and infinitely worth while to lay in a good stock of linen while the opportunity lasts. They are rising steadily now and there is no possible ground for supposing that these prices will obtain again for a very long time.

Here is another bargain from Hamptons. Plain coloured thirteen-piece linen luncheon sets, attractively finished with rows of hemstitching offered at 5s. 11d. You can have rose, blue, apricot, and orchid colours.

In the bed-linen department there are Egyptian cotton sheets, really too good to be missed at the price. These are woven from fine quality Egyptian cotton yarns. The wide hems are finished with a two-cord stitch—which is taking the place of hemstitching nowadays—and the sheets are laundered ready for use.

The single bed size, measuring 2 by $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards, finished, are reduced from 24s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. a pair. Double size, measuring $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards, reduced from 32s. 6d. to 24s. 6d. per pair.

A small but important thing to note when buying sheets is whether the over-all size is "finished" or not. If the size given does not allow for hems, sheets are often found to be skimpy when tried on the bed. Nearly all the sheets offered in Hamptons sale are quoted at finished size.



Here is an amazing bargain. A luncheon set of Irish linen bordered with rows of hemstitching. The sale price is 5s. 11d. at Hamptons, of Pall Mall

Exquisitely hand-embroidered with real lace, this table cloth comes from Robinson and Cleaver. During their sale it will be offered at half the original price. This should be added to the presents lists of brides-to-be

A very practical and beautifully hand-embroidered luncheon cloth in Irish linen, reduced in Hamptons Sale to 30s. It measures 2 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the napkins cost 5s. for six

It is difficult in the height of summer to pin one's attention to blankets, but present sale prices offer a very attractive "buy" for next winter. All-wool coloured blankets, size 60 by 80 ins., at 8s. 11d. are not to be too lightly overlooked. These again, at Hamptons, are of good quality wool yarn with whipped ends and are to be had in nine different colours. Bound with wide silk ribbon the same quality blanket costs 12s. 9d. Size 70 ins. by 90 ins., 16s. 9d.; size 80 ins. by 100 ins., 21s.

And while passing through the blanket department, if you are not tempted by an artificial silk marocain, down-filled quilt at 30s. for the single size (reduced from 45s.) and 40s. for the double size (reduced from 60s.) then you are bargain proof—and that I cannot believe of any woman, ancient or modern.

The most essential thing in July, this month of golden opportunities, is to make a list of everything that is needed for the home. Then, and only then, can one really reap the reward of these benefits, for otherwise one is tempted from one's purpose until, in the end, one acquires many things that are not indispensible since they are unessential, and the difficulty of getting those things which will materially add to one's comfort are increased by the memory of that regrettable extravagance.

If you are buying fancy linens get just enough for your present purpose, and leave it at that. Otherwise they will date—for fashions in napery change quickly. But invest as heavily as you dare in good quality fine white linens for these will stand the test of time without being affected by it. And these will be a source of legitimate pride to yourself and a constant pleasure to your guests.

If a man is known by his friends surely it can with truth be said that a woman may be judged by the linen she uses in her home.

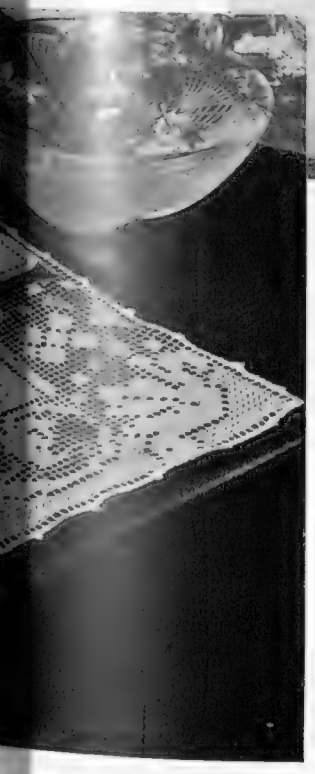
On right—Oblong table mats look particularly well on refectory tables. This very charming lace set comes from Robinson and Cleaver

Nothing more effectively brightens a room than a set of new cushions. Here is a trio from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W. The first cushion is a square one in silk velvet, veined with a deeper colour, and embroidered with contrasting threads. It is filled with the softest down, and the price, during the sale, is only 21s. 9d. The cushion in the centre is of wind-swept silk velvet edged with a pleated frill. Decorated with sunray quilting, piped with antique galon, it is down-filled, and costs 15s. Lastly, there is an embossed shaded velvet cushion with a fringed border to tone. The price of this is 17s. 6d.

SALE-TIME OFFERINGS for the HOME

Here is a chair-side table, with a holder beneath for magazines. During Harrods Sale, which commences on July 9, it will be reduced from 32s. to 21s., and it is finished in English lacquer in most attractive colours

On right—Glowing beneath a softly reflected light, a vase of flowers will turn a dark corner into a point of interest, and will consequently enlarge the apparent size of the room. The tiny birds on the right are made of beaded glass, exquisitely coloured and modelled. Made at Marshall and Snelgrove's, obtainable from 19s. 6d. they retain their freshness because they can be sponged



On right—The decorative qualities of table-lamps cannot be too highly stressed, nor should their efficiency be overlooked, for in the majority of rooms they have a much more beneficial effect on the eyes than a central light. A cleverly modelled chromium greyhound stands on a black plinth against a straight column in the lamp on the right, and a silhouette of two of these dogs appears between the layers of the double shade, which is bound with black velvet. You will find this at Debenham and Freebodys, of Wigmore Street, W., whose sale is now progressing, and the price is 6 guineas

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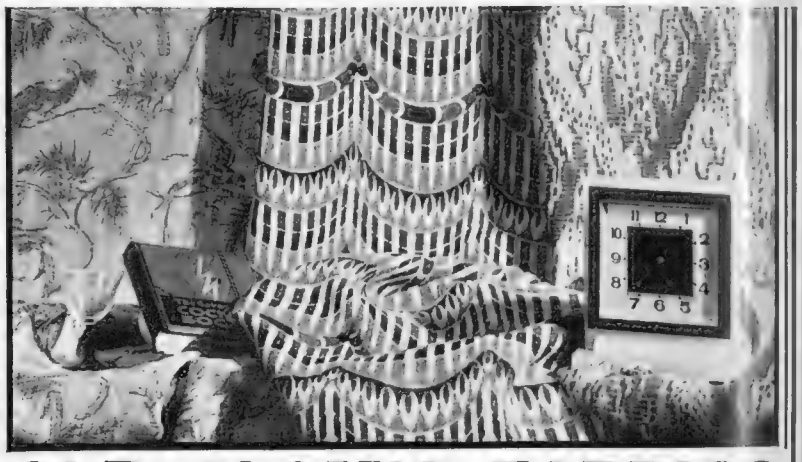

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A ... staircase treatment with a streamlined balustrade that, incidentally, does away with banister cleaning! (Courtesy R. B. Vardy)

HOME MANAGEMENT SECTION

"I HATE," said my elderly friend, "your synthetic homes . . ." like so many critics of our modern interiors, had been most lamentably led astray by seeing only one side of the picture—the glass and chromium side.

For perhaps, when it is possible to see these things in perspective, a great many who refuse to regard modernity as even tolerable, will realize that, among other things, it has been left to us in this generation fully to appreciate the possibilities of wood.

Wood, neither expensive nor merely utilitarian, is ours to exploit; and a dozen possibilities lie within easy reach of the person of moderate means in a medium-sized house.

To go through them would be a little like an annotated catalogue . . . but it is a catalogue which becomes vitally interesting at this time of year—the beginning of the holiday season and the ideal time for "face lifting" such sections of the normal background as will make it the easier to return with some degree of interested pleasure, later, "after the holidays." This may seem an exaggeration; but it is the normal procedure for many house-minded women of my acquaintance to make some small changes, even if they seem unnecessary—such as chromium taps and door handles . . . new light switches—any details that will keep the machine of the home not only 100 per cent. efficient, but 100 per cent. interesting.

THE possibilities of wood as we can use it to-day add a certain zest to these occasional redecorations. And here are some—only some—suggestions.

First, and perhaps most obviously, wood-panelling as a decoration for moderns' walls has returned, *in extreme simplicity*. In the lovely modern rooms illustrated here, we have a Georgian exterior with a "flush" modern interior. Flush panelling is characteristic of the modern preference, and in this house—which is the home and the work of one of the most famous at his craft, Mr. R. B. Vardy—one may assume that craftsmanship has gone "all out" to show what it can do. The staircase treatment is flush panelled bamstrade in solid walnut.

A point in this house is worth noticing. The panelling is definitely modern, and the decorations such as carpets, curtain fabric, and priceless glass are *not*. And yet they are in perfect harmony, which is interesting for the householder who has perfect antiques and yet wants a degree of modernization.

This perfect example of modern wood panelling is provided by the owner of the house, Mr. Vardy, who uses it as a foil to his own wonderful collection of period work

THE IMPORTANCE of WOOD in the Modern Scheme

There are also other ways of achieving panelling—modern and delightful. *Not* forgetting that, in cases of need, this can be achieved also by veneers and in other inexpensive ways—papers, paint—with results that could not offend the purist.

This brings us, naturally, to the contemplation of plywood and its innumerable uses. To take only one of them, the modernizing of the doors of your house by the removal, painlessly, of the old moulded and otherwise complicated doors and the substitution of flush plywood doors made by the Venesta people. Doors in oak, walnut, mahogany, and alder—doors of standard sizes, easy to order, that are capable not only of modernizing a room, but have been used with excellent effect mounted on simple chromium "legs" as dinner tables!

Conversions and boxing-in being fashionable, materials for these are of great interest. Partitions, always a problem, can be solved satisfactorily by standard Crittall frames with plywood fillings! The unevennesses of the floor being allowed for by an adjustable lower section.

AND so—to floors. Parquet? Yes, both modern and possible; plywood squares—both inexpensive and effective; plain oak "laid in lines"—delightful and not too expensive either, easily laid over existing floors. As regards the colour, the decorative value of woods thus used, whether doors, floors, tables, beams, partitions—a stain that is also a preservative is a good investment, artistically as well as financially! Solignum, which is familiar enough, is excellent: and obviously an insurance against any form of deterioration. Incidentally, let it be remembered that it is possible to obtain Solignum in blue, green, and red among other colours, which opens up a field of exploration in decoration for yet another use of wood—the purchased decoration of *unstained* furniture in simple and efficient designs that are extremely inexpensive.

Remember too, floors already in existence and of the rather dull variety can be coloured and wax polished by the same means; a good tonic for a dowdy room.

A glance at modern furniture equipment by Betty Joel, Arundell Clarke, Michael Dawn, and their compeers reveals the increasing number of Empire woods brought into use . . . and used simply with the grain of the wood, its texture and colouring as its only and sufficient decoration.

Some of the possibilities here are interesting; macassar ebony, kindalwood, padauk, Indian laurel wood, coromandel ebony, rosewood, amboyna and so on—a truly Imperial galaxy.

Joan Woollcombe

Lighter treatment for the bedroom of a modern country house. Doors, furniture, and window surroundings to harmonize. (Courtesy R. B. Vardy)

HOME MANAGEMENT SECTION

The FRUITFUL MONTH

SINCE KEATS could work such magic with a list of candied fruits on the cold eve of St. Agnes, what on earth would he have done if he could have seen a fruiterer's shop in London, this summer of 1934?

With such a wealth at her disposal, but not for long, it is no wonder that the housewife of each country has produced wonderful formulæ for dishes that get us away from the eternal raw or stewed fruit combinations, and also from the Melba business, which is so seldom rightly proportioned—nearly always there is too much ice, almost never is there little enough jam. When the basic fruit is at its best don't insult it with other tastes; leave that for the canned fruit of winter. Lots of people will always prefer custard made with cream, cooked in a double saucepan, the fruit diced into it, and the whole thing chilled or frozen.

Here are some fruit recipes from all over the place.

Peach (or Plum) Charlotte.—Boil two pounds of fruit, cut up in syrup made with 8 oz. sugar to 1 pint of water and the juice of a lemon. (Less water if the fruit is very juicy, of course.) When it is pulpy rub it through a fine sieve, add an ounce of gelatine, dissolved, and a cup of cream or unsweetened condensed milk. Sprinkle grated lemon-peel over the bottom of a wetted mould, pour in the mixture when tepid, and serve it as jelly, or frozen as ice, with sponge-finger crumbs over it.

People who have for years used pepper instead of sugar on berries will be interested in the idea that vinegar and sugar can bring out better than anything else the essential flavour. Toss the berries in sugar, add a little vinegar, toss them till the vinegar is absorbed, pile them on a dish or on plates, and serve them very cold.

Clafoutis, beloved in the Limousin, the heart of the French cherry country. Always good, but best of all with black cherries

American Ambrosia.—Layers of orange, strawberries, diced pineapple, stoned black cherries, till a big bowl is full. Orange juice over all. Three hours of chilling. Maraschino won't spoil it. No.

Clafoutis: Limousin Cherry Tart.—Mix in a bowl three tablespoonfuls each of flour and castor sugar; break on it three eggs, and stir it to a smooth paste. Add, first slowly, then more quickly, a pint-and-a-quarter of milk, stirring well, for there must be no lumps. On a buttered fireproof dish arrange a pound-and-a-half of black cherries, the blacker the better. Pour the batter over them, bake it in a quick oven till it is set (20–25 minutes), sprinkle it with sugar, and serve. Can be served in individual dishes.

Rodgrod: Danish Fruit Mould.—Boil together red summer fruits—cherries, raspberries, strawberries, currants. Rub them through a hair sieve, sweeten the juice, thicken it with tapioca, flavour it with ground almond or ratafia, boil till it is transparent, adding gelatine enough to set it, and serve it, turned out of its mould, with cream. Some people like to include some whole fruit. One of the few dishes that, under stress of heat-wave or lack of ice, is quite good to eat even if it does not wholly set. In that case, serve it very cold and whip the cream.

Italian Melon Macedoine.—A godsend to country dwellers and others who are iceless. Cut the top off a melon, empty out its seeds, fill it with other fruit, put the top back, fixing it with elastic bands or a strip of gummed linen, make a string sling for it, and hang it in the cistern for twelve hours.

The arrangement of a table is as important as the food that is served. Fewer flowers are necessary if the vases which hold them are beautiful in themselves. These two come from Debenham and Freebody, and are made of clear glass encircled with platinum bands. The bases, too, are platinum coloured

Giant Strawberry.—Delmonico's in New York, at the height of its glory, served individual portions of strawberries enclosed in one large strawberry of tinted meringue. A millionaire's oddment.

Avocado Cocktail.—A happy combination is Avocado pear cut up and marinaded in Moussec, the new wine, of which the dry, sparkling tang is just the thing for the rather custardy sleepiness of the fruit, especially the early arrivals, which have not much taste. It is not everyone who likes oil and vinegar with it, and this is as good a spoon-meat opening to a meal as could be required.

Moussec Pink Jug.—The Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club owns a particularly hideous pink jug. In this one day we made a brew which is now making the round of the best-known links, carrying its name with it. The ingredients are two measures each of benedictine and brandy, a small Pimm's No. 1, a large Moussec, lemon to taste, fruit as for any other cup, and soda-water according to your courage or your pusillanimity. The fruit salad remaining in the jug is of a deliciousness . . . . !

Pearl Adams

Rodgrod, a Danish mixture of fruit, fruit-juice, and tapioca. A kindly dish, not dependent on being frozen stiff in its mould, but quite as often served as thick purée, with whipped cream

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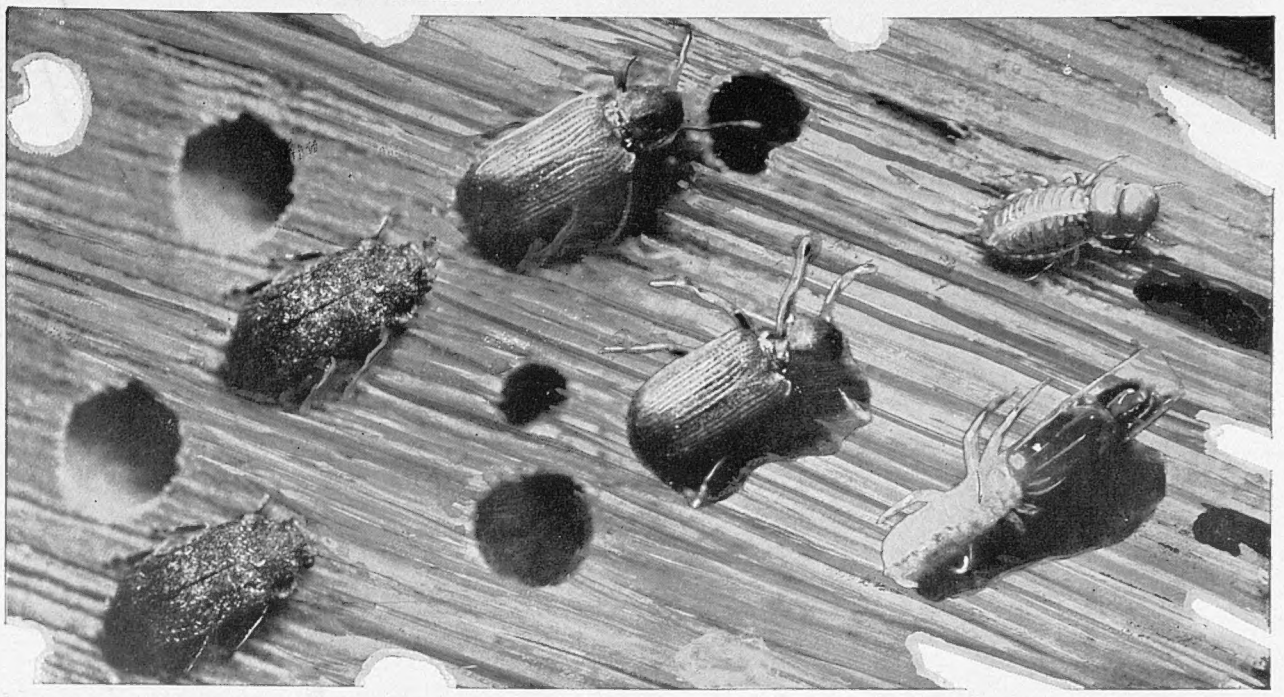

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A LAND OF MANY SPAS

(Continued from p. 34)

Sheltered from the north and east winds, and surrounded by forest, it is built, very attractively, on slopes which lie open to the sun, and where the vegetation is of extreme luxuriance, and it has a climate which is mild and yet bracing. Its thermal springs were known to the Romans, and the popularity they gained then they have retained. Badenweiler is a splendid centre for the pedestrian, since there are miles and miles of forest paths where the walking is easy and delightful.

The Rhineland has two very charming spas in Bad Ems and Bad Neuenahr. The former was for many years the spa frequented by the old Emperor William I of Germany, and both the Tsar Alexander II and the Empress Eugénie were also among its patrons. Its springs are said to be the only ones in Germany that are acidulous and have alkaline and muriatic contents; their main constituents are bicarbonate of soda, sodium chloride, and an appreciable amount of free carbonic acid, and the remarkable results they have attained have given rise to a bottling industry which runs into millions every year.

Ems has a spacious casino by the side of the Lahn, with a beautiful park, terraces, and gardens, and a very pleasant spot for a picnic is to be found not far away at Stolzenfels-on-the-Rhine. Bad Neuenahr stands nearly 300 ft. above the River Ahr, a tributary of the Rhine, at the foot of the basaltic mountain known as the Neuenahr. It has five pure alkaline thermal springs, the water from which is bottled, and has an excellent reputation and a large Kur sanatorium, whilst it is an excellent centre for excursions to the romantic Upper Ahr Valley and the Rhine district.

Bad Reichenhall is a Bavarian spa, situated some 1,600 ft. above sea level in the Bavarian Highlands, and renowned for the purity of its air, which plays a great part in effecting cures of illnesses of the respiratory organs. The spa is in a delightful position in the charming Salach Valley, protected on all sides by mountains, and it is an admirable centre for walks and tours, the latter including the magnificent Königssee, Berchtesgaden and its castle, and Salzkammergut and the Austrian Tirol.

Edward E. Long, C.B.E.

SOUND INVESTMENTS

EVERY GOOD housewife looks forward to Harrods Sale, for it provides golden opportunities for the economically minded. Their Summer Sale starts on July 9 and lasts for six days; which means that there are just fifty-three hours in which to make the most of these chances. Not often is one likely to be able to get full-length broadtail lamb coats with soft, full collars and beautifully shaped capes, edged with high-shorn lamb, for 6 guineas. Without the cape the price will be only 4½ guineas, while cape-coatees in real white ermine are being reduced to 19 guineas from 39 guineas.

Those who are no longer very slim will appreciate skilfully-cut evening dresses in heavy lace and silk georgette, with a flattering cowl neck and a cape-sleeved coatee for 70s. instead of 7½ guineas. And those who are, will hail with delight the charming printed crêpe-de-chine frocks that are being offered for 35s., although until next Monday they cost 3 guineas. These are just a few items, chosen at random from their profusely illustrated catalogue, which will be sent free on request.

THE TOPICAL TOUCH: During the summer months Messrs. Selfridge and Co. are staging mannequin parades of summer fashions and beach wear on their roof garden. In this picture the mannequins are gathered round an Electrolux refrigerator containing cooling "soft drinks"

A BOOK LIST

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Worc. (Switzerland).—As you say that you wish to visit a quiet place with facilities for sports and excursions, we would suggest that you spend your holiday in Axenfels, Switzerland. The Palace Hotel there is situated on a plateau overlooking Lake Lucerne, and connected with the lakeside town of Brunnen by electric railway. There are facilities for golf, tennis, and swimming, and an extensive programme of motor-coach excursions. Terms at the Palace Hotel range from 14 Swiss francs during July and August, and slightly cheaper after September 10.

S., Wilts (Italy and Switzerland).—You could not hope for very warm weather on the Italian lakes during the end of October and early November, and fairly warm clothing should be taken. Lake Garda, which is farther south, enjoys the most pleasant winter climate of any of the lakes. Pallanza, on Lake Maggiore, faces due south and gets the full benefit of the sun. Lugano, on the Swiss shores of Lake Lugano, also faces due south. On the Italian coast, a few miles south of Genoa, Rapallo is a very pleasant spot, with a winter season, the surrounding country being very pretty. With regard to hotels, you will find the following very good: Gardone Riviera, Savoy Hotel, 50–65 lire per day; Pallanza, 45–60 lire per day; Lugano, Grand and Palace Hotel, 15–20 Swiss francs per day; Rapallo, Hôtel Excelsior, 60–85 lire per day.

H., Sussex (sea voyage).—For a trip to South America you would find the boats of the Royal Mail Line, Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, very comfortable. The round voyage takes six weeks. The best time to make a trip to South America is during the spring or autumn. Another long sea voyage would be that to Australia. For this we would suggest the Orient Line, 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. The boats of the Orient Line are noted for their high standard of comfort and service.

A., Edinburgh (Spain).—The best time to visit San Sebastian is from late spring to early autumn as this is the season there, the gayest months being July and August. There is a good train from San Sebastian to Madrid daily, leaving the former at 8.56 a.m., arriving in Madrid at 7.10 p.m. Travelling overnight you would leave San Sebastian at 9.18 p.m., and arrive in Madrid at 8.45 a.m. The single 1st class fare is about £2 18s. 2d. The leading hotel in San Sebastian is the Maria Christina, whilst very good and comfortable is the Hôtel Londres, with full board terms for about 25s. per day.

Hints for Travellers

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY'S 30-DAY CONTINENTAL TICKETS.

An announcement of special interest to all who are contemplating a Continental holiday this year, is that of the Southern Railway to the effect that from now until further notice 30-day "holiday" tickets will be issued from London to certain of the more important holiday centres on the Riviera, via Boulogne or Calais, and also to Dieppe and Havre. The tickets will be at reduced rates as compared with the ordinary 45-day return tickets, and will be available by all services every Saturday and Monday. The routing of the tickets beyond Paris is confined to the direct route, viz. Dijon, Lyons, and Arles.

Passengers will be allowed to break their journey at the terminal station of each coupon without formality, and at all stations en route, on production of the tickets for endorsement by the station officials on leaving the train. The validity of the tickets may be extended from 30 to 45 days on payment of the difference between the fares. This popular concession should go a long way towards making the Riviera a favourite summer holiday coast, as it includes such well-known resorts as Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, St. Raphael, Antibes, and Juan-les-Pins.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 75 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—
Opposite Casino. First class.
Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis. 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and **"Brenner's Park."**—Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps. — Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel. — Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

München.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

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Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.—Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.-(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

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Axenfels (Lake Lucerne).—Palace Hotel.—Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest, overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

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Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

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Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey. — Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering. Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

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Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by Eyre & Spottiswoode Limited, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*July 7, 1934.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.